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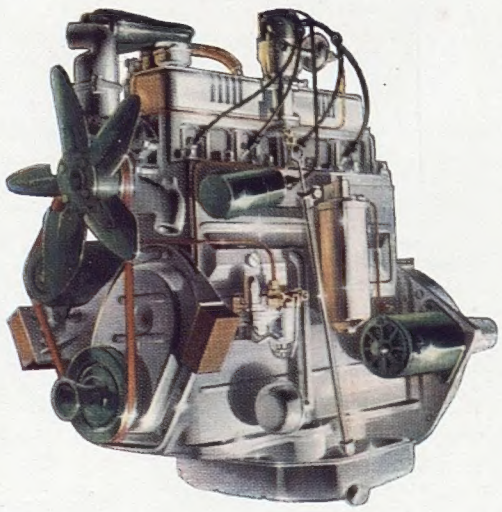

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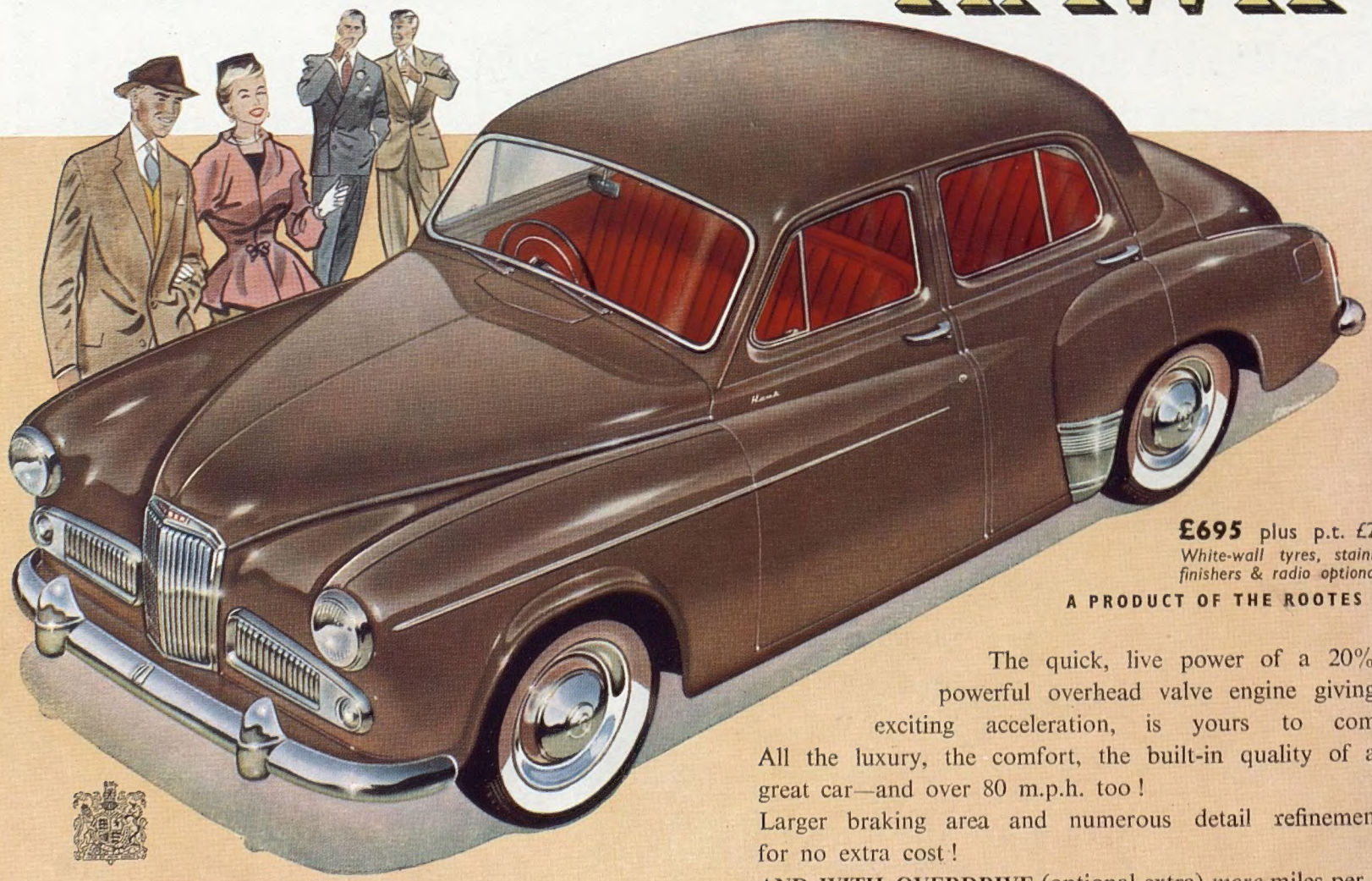

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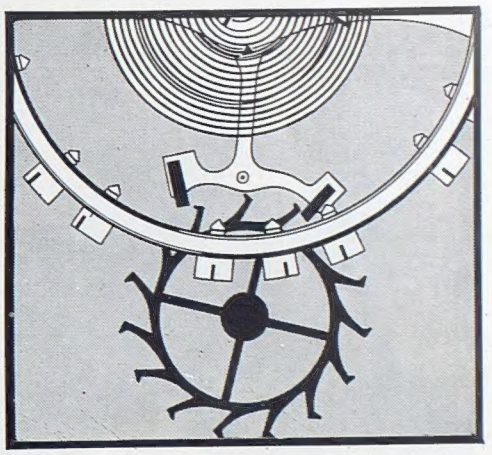

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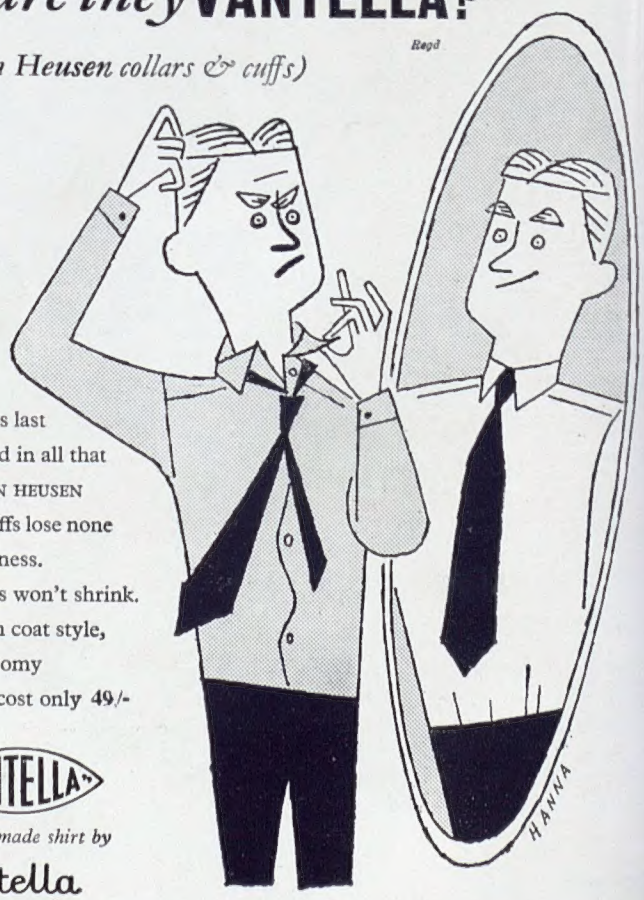

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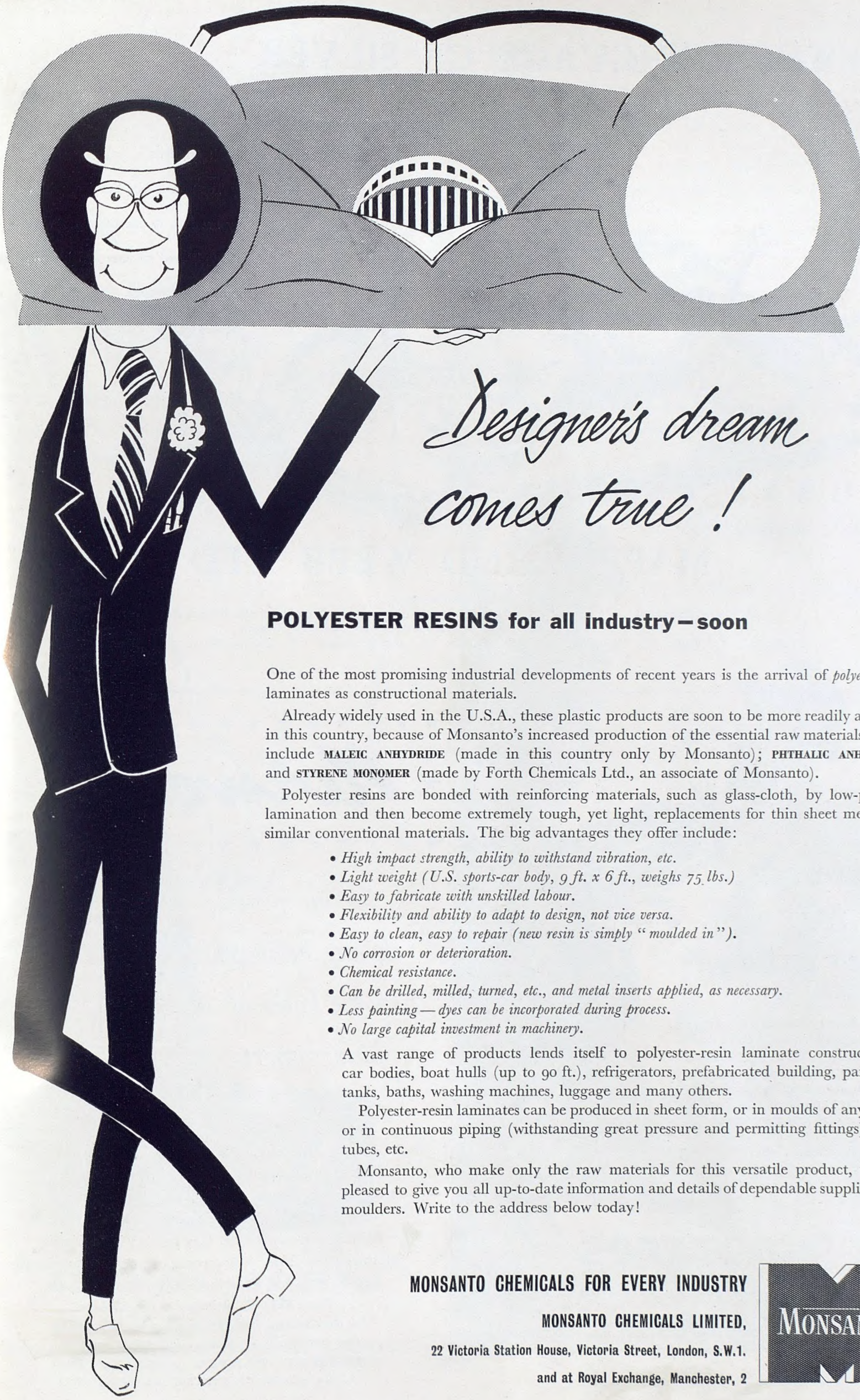

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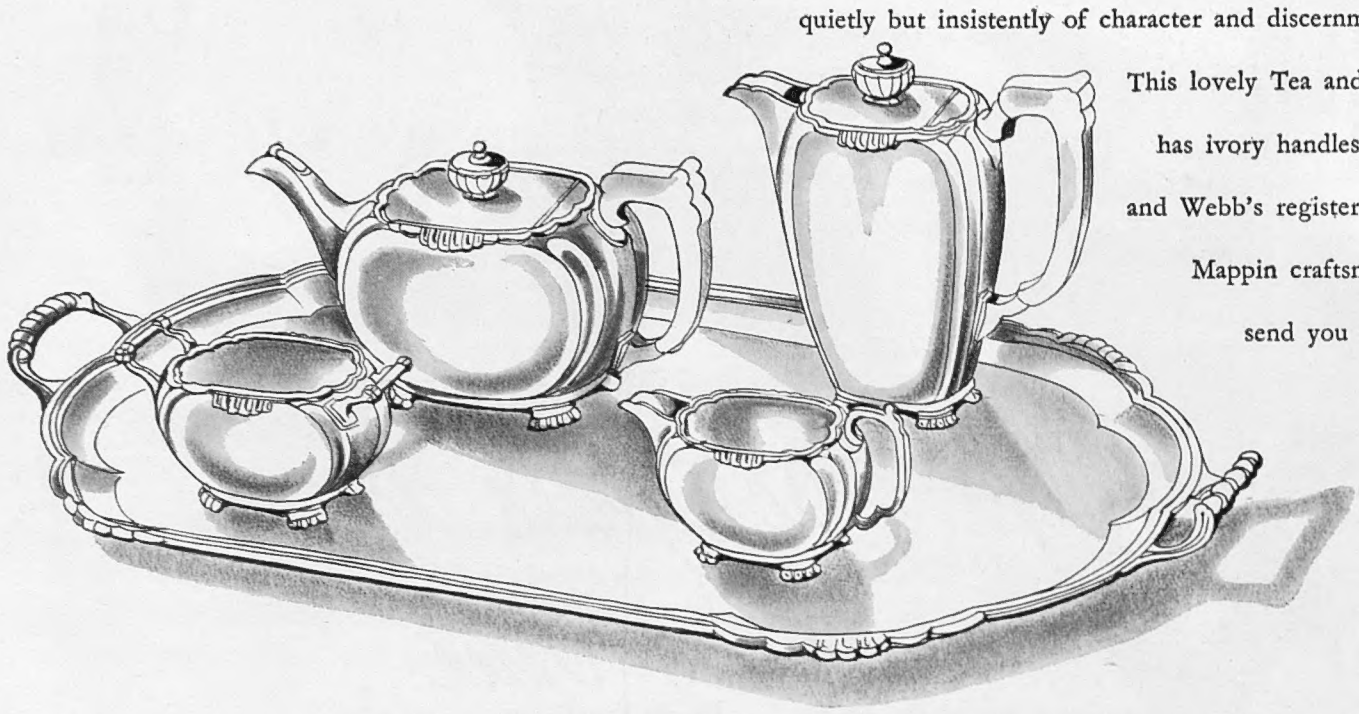

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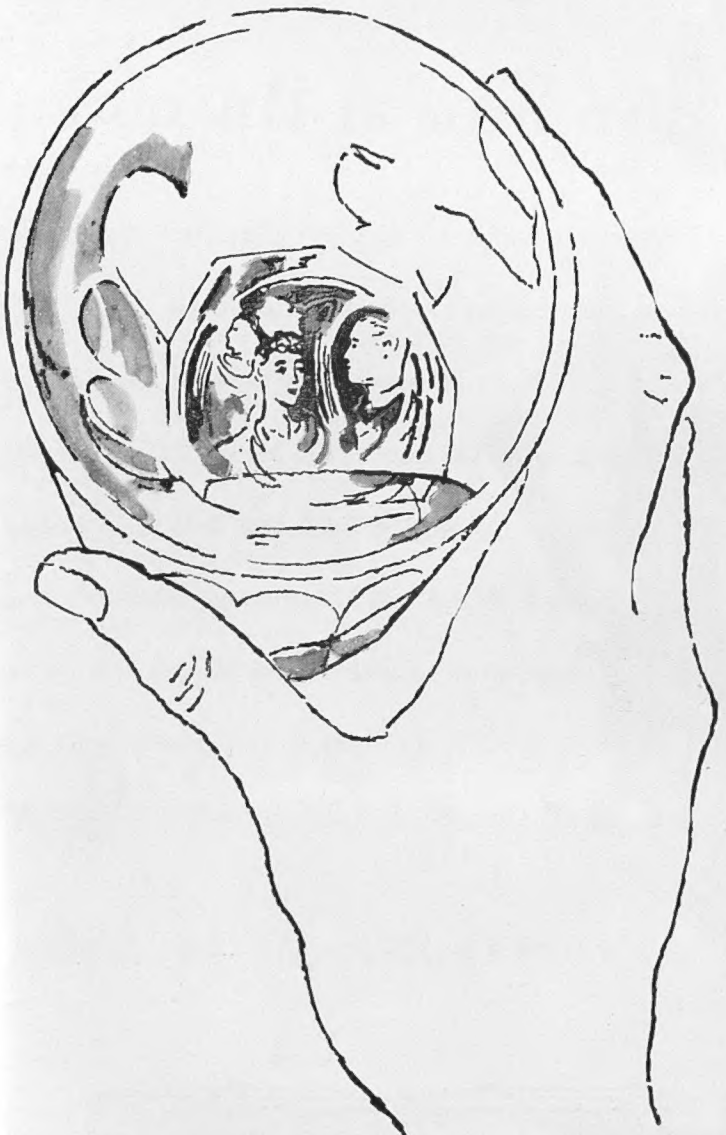

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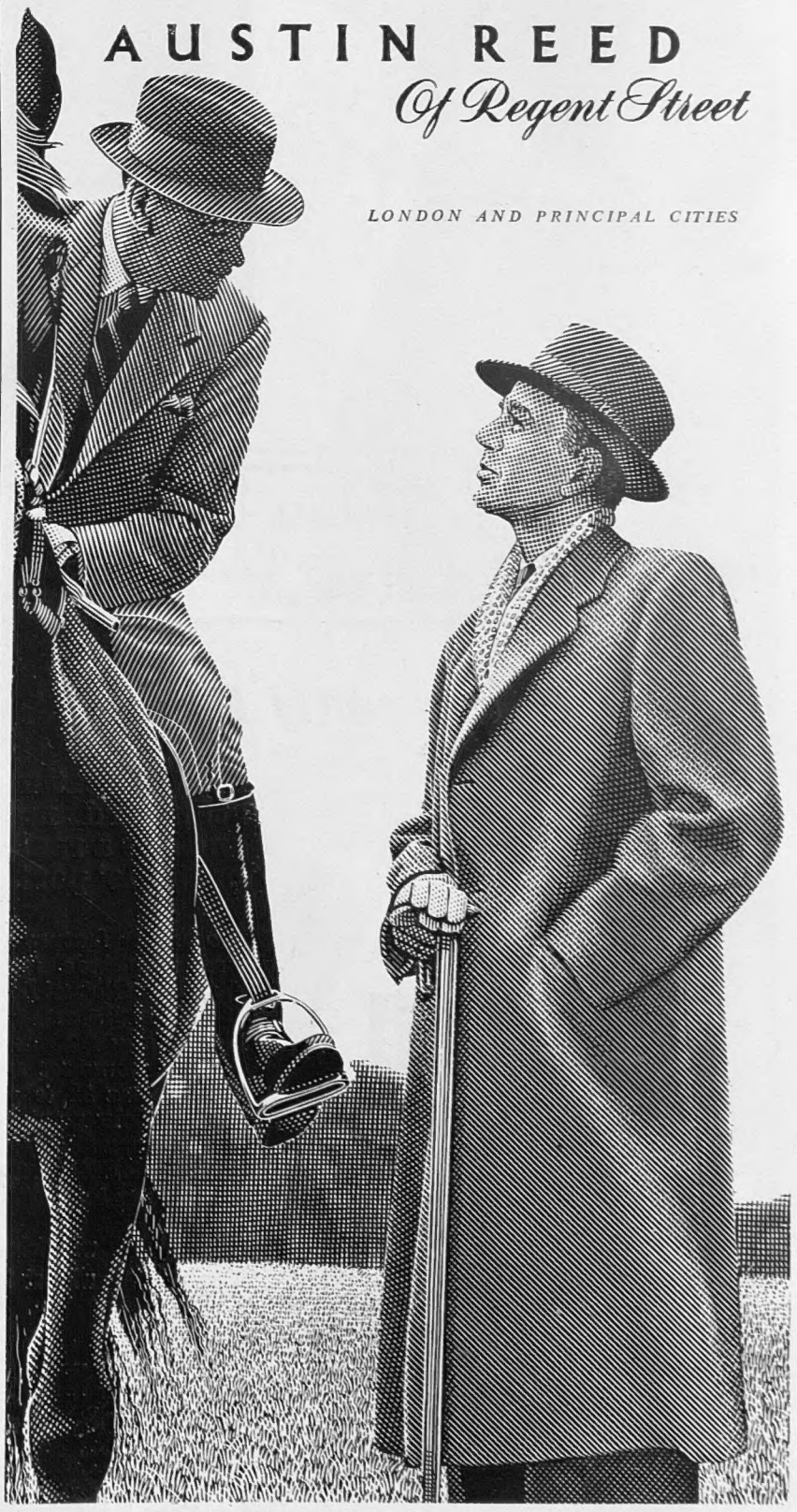

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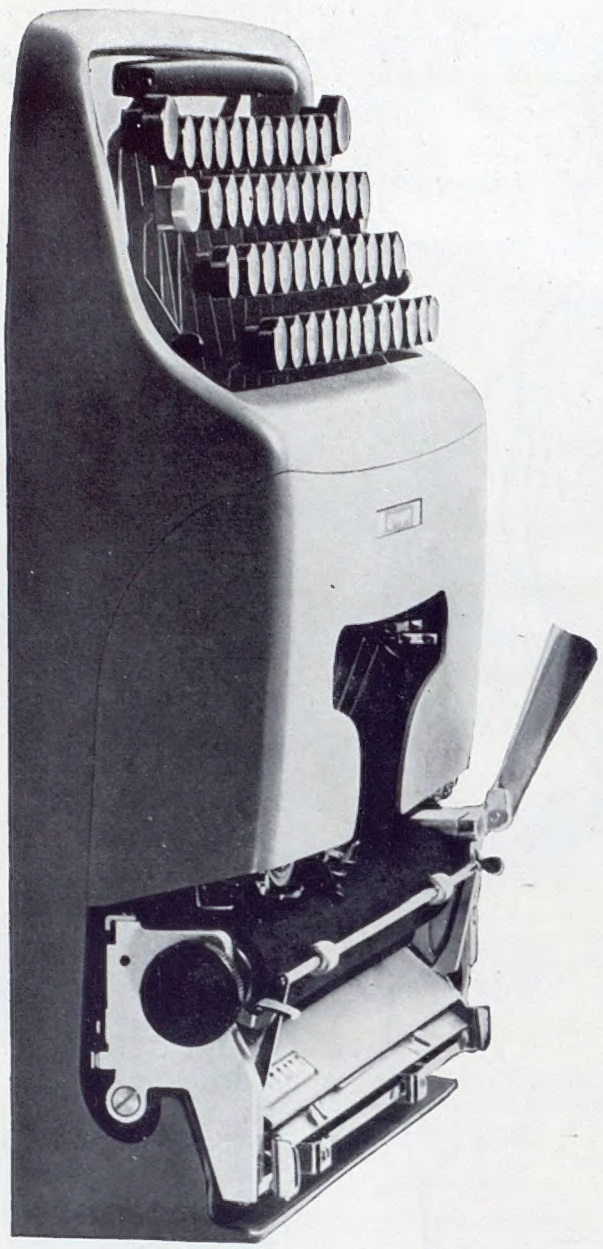

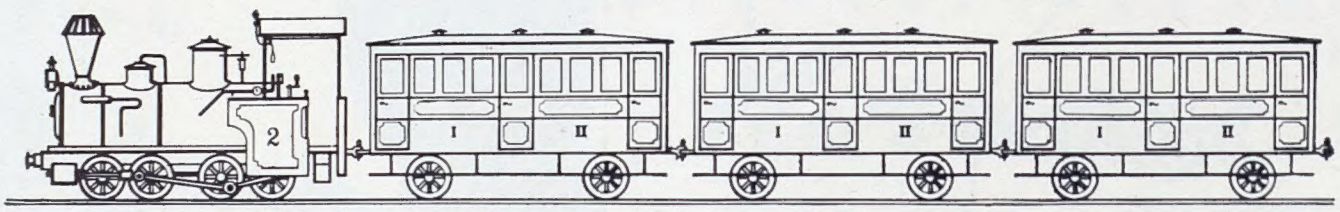

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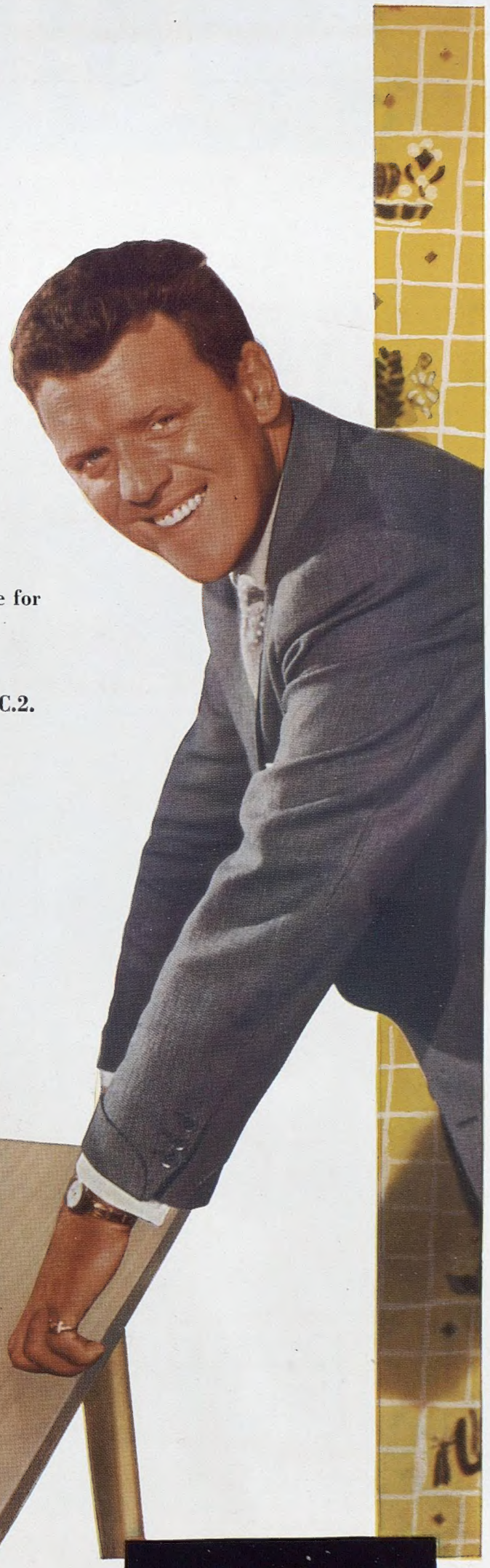

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Volume CCXIX No. 2853

The SPHERE, London, October 16, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

STRIKE-BOUND SHIPPING AT THE LONDON DOCKS—AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING ROWS OF IDLE SHIPS AND MANY STATIONARY CRANES: On the left is the King George V Dock and on the right the Royal Albert Dock. The strike at the London Docks started on Monday of last week when 7,000 members of the National Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers stopped work in protest against the port employers' refusal to negotiate on any of the many outstanding matters except the sorting of meat cargoes. This refusal on the part of the employers had been made for as long as the N.A.S.D. instructed their members not to work overtime.

The ships seen in this picture are (reading clockwise in the King George V Dock, on left) *Port Halifax*, 6,000 tons, from America, with grain, lard, copper, tobacco and steel ; *Port Pirie*, 10,500 tons, from Australia, with meat, eggs, dried fruit, wool and lead ; *Port Phillip*, 10,000 tons, loading for Australia ; *Port Auckland*, 12,000 tons, from Australia, with sugar, meat, butter, eggs, zinc and wool ; *Durban Castle*, 17,500 tons, from East Africa, with copper, zinc, asbestos and citrus fruit ; *Cymric*, 11,000 tons, loading for Australia ; *Carthage*, 14,000 tons, and *Chusan*, 24,000 tons, both loading for the Far East ; *Vardulia*, 7,250 tons, from Montreal, with flour, cereals, zinc and asbestos, and the *Highland Chieftain*, 14,000 tons, loading for South America. In the Royal Albert Dock they are, clockwise, *Karamea*, 11,000 tons, from New Zealand, with wool and meat ; *Koyan*, 10,000 tons, loading for West Africa ; *Gleniffer*, 7,000 tons, loading for the Far East ; *Surrey*, 8,000 tons, from New Zealand, with meat and general cargo ; *Andria*, awaiting repairs ; *North Star*, 4,000 tons, from Jamaica, with bananas ; *Haparangi*, 11,000 tons, from New Zealand, with meat, wool and hides ; *Middlesex*, 8,000 tons, from Australia, with canned fruits, meat and lead : *Gothic*, 16,000 tons, and *Rippingham Grange*, 10,000 tons, both loading for New Zealand; *Karmala*, 7,500 tons, loading for Australia ; and *Uganda*, 14,500 tons, loading for South Africa. The *Lock Garth* and the *Vandalia* are in dry dock in background between the two Royal docks.

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WINE-TASTING IN LONDON CELLARS

MESSRS. J. L. P. LEBÈGUE HOLD THEIR ANNUAL TASTING OF FRENCH WINES : This picture shows a guest testing wine for colour by candlelight. The occasion is reputed to be the most important of its kind in the world. Connoisseurs, château owners from France, growers and wine merchants assemble in the crypt-like Lebègue cellars, where on long, damask-covered tables lie rows of candles set in magnums which throw light on a vast array of bottles. Casks line the walls and aisles, and bins reach the ceiling. All the wines tasted at these annual ceremonies will eventually be served in restaurants, inns and hotels, as the primary aim is to enable the buyers to plan additions to their cellars, to take notes and make comparisons. Britain is becoming increasingly wine-conscious, and our shippers and buyers have access to the finest products of the vineyards of Bordeaux and Burgundy.

AN INFORMAL TOAST DURING THE JUBILEE YEAR OF THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE" : The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Noel Bowater, and M. Massigli, the French Ambassador to London, drink each other's health during the wine-tasting in Messrs. Lebègue's cellars near London Bridge.

BEER-TESTING AT OLYMPIA

THE BREWERS' AND ALLIED TRADERS' EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA, IN LONDON : Part of the arrangements was a Beer-testing Competition, and in the Mild Ale class three judges broach their task with all the seriousness (and with the same sensitivity of palate) as wine-tasters. They are (l. to r.) Mr. J. Wreay, of Watney's; Mr. D. Wallace, of Ind Coope's; and Mr. W. Welling, of Newcastle Breweries, Limited. The exhibition is held every two years and attracts brewers from many parts of the world. This year's exhibition at Olympia was the biggest yet held.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

A New Locarno?—So there it is, signed, sealed and delivered (but not yet ratified), an "excellent substitute" for E.D.C., a "new Locarno" with (we hope and pray) a longer and brighter future. And for Mr. Eden a diplomatic triumph of the first water, with the help of M. France and Dr. Adenauer. Let us jerk our minds back to 1925: "The Treaty [Locarno] was hailed. . . . If it bristled with risks and difficulties, it brought Germany back to the concert of European nations and marked a great step forward. . . . Its risks were lost sight of in the dazzle of its swift and unexpected success, which was greatly due to Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Dr. Stresemann. M. Briand commented. '*Enfin nous avons parlé européen.*' The King [George V] reposed great confidence in its virtues. 'I pray [he confided to his diary] this may mean peace for many years, why not for ever?'" A Garter for Mr. Chamberlain. A Garter, doubtless, or an O.M. for Mr. Eden . . . and a longer life to his accomplishment! There were seven "Locarnos" (pacts and treaties), and all were dead eleven years later, when Hitler reoccupied the Rhineland and France's frontier guarantees became waste paper. The new European Esperanto was a short-lived language of diplomacy. But to-day Europe has behind her more bitter memories to avert so swift a return to Babel.

Britain's Pledge and Burden.—Mr. Eden's guarantee—which enabled the Nine-Power Conference to proceed to serious business—was calmly accepted by the nation. It was in all but engrossment a *fait accompli*. Viewed as such, what else, what less, could we have done since we have long been determined that our frontier must be further away than the Channel? The Roman wall had to be manned, and it was a long and tiresome business. Britain has been compelled to forget two of her phobias, conscription and a large standing army. For fifty years, perhaps, we must swallow conscription and even two-year National Service in order to keep four perfectly trained divisions and an Air Force in Germany, and still, perhaps, have a reserve for Commonwealth danger-spots. But the Commonwealth knows that the greatest danger-spot to even its remotest outposts lies in the neighbourhood of Berlin, and our pledge, with its burden, is still conditioned by a Europe, united and utterly prepared to resist aggression. If that unity prove a scrap of paper, our pledge is entitled to be so treated. Meanwhile, we must accept the pledge and try by all available means to lighten the burden. Meanwhile, a Reserve Army begins to trickle home. There are several ideas current. The Army and Industry might benefit by deferring call-up by four years, so that the Army might be recruited by the trained engineers and artificers it now needs, and Industry benefit by training and using, and receiving back from the forces, men ready to take their places at the bench and draughtsman's desk. But for so long as we call for the Elbe as our frontier, so long as we believe that our pledge can give unity and defence to Western Europe and keep America at our side, so long we must shoulder the burdens of a European nation superimposed on those of a leading Commonwealth nation.

Tidying Up.—It has been fair comment for the past decade or decades to say that we have our international problems (like the poor) "always with us." Powers met, commissions sat, U.N.O. had its sessions of talk, and still (it seemed) the old, old sores refused to heal and were inevitably placed again on the next agenda. And now in the last few months we cannot fail to be impressed by distinct signs of "business done," a welcome clearing of the desks, a remarkable tidying-up. And, better still, the new problems which take their places have not increased in step with items polished off the eternal agenda. (There is something perhaps in the theory that international problems are like "the poor" in all ways, and when there are no poor, there will be no more problems.) Let us tot up some of the perennials and insolubles recently wiped off: The Canal Zone, Trieste, E.D.C. and German rearmament (off, at least, to a hopeful start); not to mention Korea, Indo-China and Persian oil. This is not a complete list, but it is a very important list, even if some of the loose ends are not yet tied up and tucked in. One is entitled to theorise about the causes of these instances of good sense achieving compromise. Can it be that the unseating of reason which invariably follows world wars and social revolutions has (like measles or 'flu) its limits in time and virulence? The French Revolution affected the morals of a narrow English "Society" for only one generation; the First World War gave us only a decade or so of total lunacy; the Second gave us a wave which was certainly more frightful but shows signs of waning (and high time, too!) And, in so far as these issues are related to British influence, may we not spare a word of praise to the Government in power since 1951? Most of those issues were very hardy and obstinate annuals under the former administration. The Conservatives are entitled to work up the theory to be a useful election counter in 1955. Hang it all, those Tories have done some tidying-up abroad as well as at home.

The Iron Curtain.—Our Government, having done so well, might go a little further. The Iron Curtain is becoming more like Venetian blinds. It is built with wide slats and a day may come when a good Englishman when he dies will go to Moscow or Peking. There was the Attlee circus, the Lords and Commons delegation, with the Duke of Wellington as interpreter; several smaller parties have gone and returned, and now the Coventry City Council is off to Stalingrad to discuss with their opposite numbers there how best to outlaw the H-bomb, and a delegation of T.U. officials and scientists are on their way to China, *via* Moscow, to improve East-West cultural relations. The Iron Curtain is obviously a mere spider's web (in the most innocent sense, of course). It is maintained as an obstacle merely by statesmen who fail in diplomacy, and need an excuse to justify their failure, and Oppositions and the Common Man, bored with the failures of their leaders, have decided to take a hand in the game of conciliation and do the job for themselves. After all, why pay salaries to statesmen and diplomatists when you yourself can get an interesting and sometimes a free trip with better hopes of results? Some of these suggestions may be near the truth, and, in any case, this facile penetration of the Iron Curtain must be making the statesmen and diplomats scratch their heads. If this useful Iron Curtain is to be by-passed and penetrated by anybody as easily as a Maginot Line, "all hope of their gains" will be gone, and the reputations they guard so jealously will be dissipated into thin air. It is almost time for the leaders-in-power in Europe to follow suit and make this popular trip. They, too, might bring something back.

BOUND FOR WEST AFRICAN WATERS

A HASTINGS-BUILT LUGGER PREPARES TO SAIL : The lugger *Gertrude*, s... to be the largest boat built in Hastings for nearly half-a-century, is seen as s... moves off towards London, powered by an 80-h.p. Diesel motor. She has be... built for fishing work on the west coast of Africa, where, it is expecte... modern powered craft will gradually replace native boats. The *Gertru...* will be used as part of a plan to develop inshore fisheries in Sierra Leo...

"First with the News."—"How the de... do they *know*?" was a remark made by George ... as a youth when a gossip-writer wrote that he w... tattooed all over his body. I sometimes ask the sam... question when a single newspaper scoops the p... with some major political event about to take pla... and presumably intended to be a closely-guarde... secret, for release only on the day appointed ... Authority. As, for example, a major Cabinet shuff... It is fair to say that these "scoops" by organs "fi... with the news" are usually far more accurate than t... weather prophets' twelve-hour forecasts for my ow... area, at any rate. And the proof of the pudding be... in the eating, we gobble it down as something mo... than a gamble in futures. We accept the shuffle ... just round the corner and draw the conclusions whi... are supplied with the news. But if only one org... in Fleet Street releases the news, clearly that ne... was not officially released, and, accordingly, eith...

some person blabbed a confidence or some sleuth in the Lobby got every combination right on his pools card. But there are degrees of blabbing. A secret can be extracted with the eyes and not with the ears. Silence can consent and a shrug is as good as a hint. A little tin-pot possessed of personal vanity and a secret can satisfy his vanity without outraging his conscience.

Lord M.—It might be argued that nothing on earth could justify another book on the relations of Melbourne with the young Victoria—nothing but an occasion for fine writing, for telling an oft-told tale better than ever: a thing which Lord David Cecil is well qualified to do. But I think we must accept it that certain notables in English history, and certain quite unimportant people in our social history, are eternally, perennially interesting to posterity which can never hear their stories told too often. Among such are Elizabeth I—hence Lytton Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex*, which simply repeated verbatim, but in polished prose and purple passage, the articles on Elizabeth and on Essex in *D.N.B.* Among such also are Charles II, Nelson, Wellington, Byron, Queen Victoria, and, of course, Lady Hamilton and Caroline Lamb. Is there, was there, more to say of any of these favourites, important or of no importance? Each one has a bibliography not to be housed in a big public library. Of each the old, old story has been told a hundred times, and, since public memory is as short as any author or publisher could wish, that story comes out as fresh and new and surprising as the first daisy of spring. And who could regret a book by a pretty writer on Lord M., and especially one which tells the old story from another angle and does not find it necessary to disinter for the hundredth time poor Lady Caroline and Byron from their constantly rifled graves? Not I. Lord David's new book is all news to the average reader, and it is written with infinite charm. It does not pretend to be the history-biography of a statesman, but a study of a "character." It will be improved by more careful proof-reading for the second edition, and it might usefully catalogue the new material to which Lord David "had access." He remains the only pupil from Lytton Strachey's school whom that headmaster did not corrupt. I have no doubt that some aspiring writer is even now at work on a "definitive" life of Queen Victoria, and that many a young woman novelist-biographer is toying with the idea of Lady Caroline as a subject for her art.

Temple of Mithras.—The generosity of the owners of Bucklersbury House has made possible a decision about the future of the discovered Roman temple which must satisfy all reasonable partisans. The public will get it for nothing, or dirt cheap, what for years will be a magnet for tourists and for centuries a notable addition to our national museum. The foundations of this temple—for that is what the find amounts to—will be moved a short distance to an open court, being exactly replaced stone by stone. I presume those stones, and the sculptures unearthed, need protection from our London climate, and I wonder whether the powers-that-be will see any force in protecting them by an erection of the best archæological idea of what the building looked like when first completed; one such suggestion in the *Daily Telegraph* gave me the idea that some such completion would inform the viewers far more exactly than the bare ruin. The erections placed over the remains of the villa at Bignor, in Sussex, in no way detract from the interest of the authentic remains, and have done much to preserve them. I hope something of the same sort may be decided for Mithras's temple; the new and the old would never be confused, and the new would materially illumine the nature and object of the ruin.

Avenging Blenheim.—It is just about 250 years since Marlborough defeated the French at Blenheim, and Blenheim Palace rose as a direct result of and monument to that victory. And now tardily the French are sending an expeditionary force to Blenheim to avenge that defeat and turn it into a French triumph. General Dior, with a battalion of mannequins and a hundred engines of war, the latest creations of his genius, will fly over to Blenheim Palace on November 3 and take captive 2,000 "paying guests" (£5 a head), bowling them out with his new "H" body-line bowling. And the British Red Cross will pick up the pieces. Assured in advance of total victory, he is already designing a special Blenheim creation to record it. Woodstock will become, before Guy Fawkes is roasted again, the headquarters of civilisation and the Hollywood of this foggy island, and what may be the ultimate result of the visit of Paris's first dozen mannequins to the rustic peace of Oxfordshire I have not the imagination to forecast. But it will be "a famous victory" for the Regiment of Frocks and Frills.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE 1954 MOTOR SHOW

Fully Illustrated with Photographs and Special Drawings by Cavendish Morton

OFF TO THE ANTARCTIC

THE RESEARCH SHIP "JOHN BISCOE" LEAVES SOUTHAMPTON: She was setting out on her annual voyage to the bases of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey in the Antarctic, where she carries out relief and supply duties. Many scientists and meteorologists in the Antarctic work for as long as two years before being relieved.

The *John Biscoe*, formerly H.M.S. *Pretext*, has spent the last seven years in the service of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey. She has had adventures and survived mishaps during these years which have made Antarctic history. Wooden-hulled and particularly suited to work in ice, she has ably performed tasks of rescue, relief and supply, though during her voyage in 1949 she only just beat the pack-ice in Admiralty Bay, where she would have been marooned. During that year the weight of the pack-ice prevented the *John Biscoe* from relieving the base on Stonington Island, and an amphibious aircraft was later employed to work with her.

During the eleven years of its existence the Falklands Islands Dependencies Survey has filled enormous gaps in our knowledge of the Antarctic regions, and this year the *John Biscoe* carries surveyors and scientists who will investigate and map out the Palmer Peninsula during an estimated period of two years. The men will make a base at Hope Bay and explore inland next spring. The Palmer Peninsula is thought to be a continuation of the volcano chain stretching from the Rockies to the extremity of South America; it is one of the Falkland Islands Dependencies whose British sovereignty is disputed by Argentina and Chile.

THE FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON

THE PEVENSEY MARSH BEAGLES MOVE OFF AFTER THE FIRST MEET IN THE SUSSEX SEASIDE TOWN: Watched by a crowd of spectators, the Master, Mr. A. B. G. Burstall, leads the pack past the historic old Mint House; First Whip, Miss Sheila Cowan, follows. The Pevensey Marsh Beagles is the reconstituted Denbigh (Bexhill) Beagles pack, which was founded in 1947 by Mr. G. D. Smith, of the Denbigh Hotel, Bexhill. In the background of this picture is part of the old Pevensey Castle, whose history dates back to the latter part of the third century A.D. The old Mint House, the twenty-eight rooms of which are open to the public, was once occupied by King Edward VI.

UNDER THE GAZE OF THE TELEVISION CAMERAS—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY CONFERENCE AT BLACKPOOL: Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary addressing the 4,000 delegates at the Empress Ballroom, Blackpool, on the opening day of this year's Conference of the Conservative and Unionist Associations. When Mr. Eden rose to speak he was accorded a tremendous reception, the delegates standing to applaud him and singing "For he's a jolly good fellow." The Blackpool Conference was the first of any political party to be recorded by television cameras in this country, and to some extent this dictated the tone of the debates

SIR WINSTON'S CABINET LISTENS ATTENTIVELY: A study in expressions on the platform at Blackpool while the Prime Minister was speaking. From right are Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Home Secretary; Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Alexander, Minister of Defence; Sir Walter Monckton, Minister of Labour; Mr. Harold Macmillan, Minister of Housing and Local Government; Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade; and Miss Florence Horsbrugh, Minister of Education.

THE CONSERVATIVES AT BLACKPOOL

Highlights and Personalities from the First British Political Conference to be Seen by Television Viewers

MINISTERS TAKE THEIR WIVES TO BLACKPOOL: Between Conference sessions are seen, from left, Lady Maxwell Fyfe, who is Vice-Chairman of the Party Organisation, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Lady Dorothy Macmillan, and Mr. Harold Macmillan

FROM THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH : Mr. Ian Macleod, the Minister of Health, with Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, his Parliamentary Under-Secretary, at the Conference.

Unlike the Labour Party's Conference at Scarborough the previous week, the Conservative Conference at Blackpool was not concerned with any pressing matters of State, and the tone of the debates was accordingly soft and quiet. With the exception of the motion on G.A.T.T., no very controversial issues were at stake, and even that bone of contention was, surprisingly, buried with all the decent proprieties. It was left to a North Kensington gas inspector, Mr. Bob Bulbrook, to remind the delegates that all was not so lovely in the garden as the debates had seemed to indicate. No doubt the unanimity of the delegates was in some way connected with the fact that the Conference was televised for the first time, and Lord Woolton's warning that the Party should be ready for a General Election.

THE TRADE UNION DELEGATE WHO SHOCKED THE CONFERENCE . . . Mr. Bob Bulbrook, from North Kensington, who turned to the Cabinet Ministers on the platform and told them that they would be out at the next General Election unless they did something to maintain individual freedom.

The highlight of the Conference was, of course, Sir Winston Churchill's address to a rally of the Conservative Party on the last afternoon. He disappointed those who had hoped to have some indication of when the Prime Minister intended to retire. But there seemed little doubt that the mantle of succession had definitely fallen on Mr. Eden, whose reception by the delegates on the first day indisputably made him the personality of Blackpool.

THREE CHEERS FOR SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL : The Prime Minister, who was visibly moved by the tumultuous reception he received from the delegates, is about to rise from his seat on the platform to begin his address to the mass meeting of the Conservative Party. Mr. Eden, leading the cheers, had introduced Sir Winston as "the greatest man upon this earth." Between him and Sir Winston's son-in-law, Captain Christopher Soames, is Mrs. Eden.

ONE OF THE MOST DISCUSSED MEN AT THE CONFERENCE : Mr. Harold Macmillan, seen shopping in Blackpool, was freely being tipped by delegates to succeed Mr. Eden at the Foreign Office.

CONSERVATIVE LEADERS AFTER BREAKFAST : Outside their Blackpool hotel on their way to the Conference in the Empress Ballroom are, from left, Sir David Eccles, Minister of Works; Mr. R. A. Butler; Lady Eccles; Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Supply; and Mr. Gammans, Assistant Postmaster-General.

The Foreign News in Pictures

SHIPS IN TROUBLE

Incidents in America and Egypt; and a Survey of Other Recent Events on Three Continents

AFTER A COLLISION OFF NEW YORK WHICH CAUSED A STRIKE AMONG THE PASSENGERS: The Holland-America liner *Maasdam* is seen at her pier in Hoboken, New Jersey, with a large hole in her dented bows and the portside anchor missing. The 15,000-ton *Maasdam* had sailed from New York for Rotterdam when she came into collision just off Nantucket with the French freighter *Tofevo* from Montreal. When the liner returned to the Hoboken pier the Company offered the passengers only bus transportation into New York and unpaid reservations at a hotel there. At this nearly half the 523 passengers refused to leave the ship.

AN EGYPTIAN-ISRAELI INCIDENT IN THE SUEZ CANAL: The 500-ton ship *Bat Galim*, flying the Israeli flag, seen at Port Tewfik after being seized by the Egyptian authorities. It was alleged that the crew of the ship, while travelling through the Canal, had fired on the coast with small arms, killing three fishermen and injuring a number of others. The Israeli authorities strenuously denied the charge, demanded the immediate release of the vessel, and threatened to bring the matter before the United Nations. The *Bat Galim*, with a crew of ten and a cargo of meat, plywood and hides, was bound for Haifa from Massawa. She was, in fact, the first Israeli ship to attempt to sail through the Suez Canal since the 1948 war with the Arabs, though a number of foreign ships had been able to make the journey. The voyage of the *Bat Galim* was therefore something in the nature of a test. It is significant that under the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement, which is now awaiting final signature in Cairo, Egypt has reaffirmed the rights of foreign shipping in the Suez Canal.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY IN KENYA: Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd greeting Colonel A. E. Young, Commissioner of Police in Kenya, when he arrived in Nairobi for his tour of the East African Colony. The Secretary of State for the Colonies was accompanied by the Governor-General, Sir Evelyn Baring. Mr. Lennox-Boyd said that he had come to Kenya to watch, learn and listen; he gained first-hand impressions of Mau Mau terrorism and of the steps taken to combat it. He later went on to Uganda and Tanganyika.

UNDER ARREST AT PORT TEWFIK: Three Israeli members of the crew of the *Bat Galim* are guarded by Egyptian police after their vessel had been detained at Port Tewfik.

MR. NUTTING IN CAIRO FOR THE FINAL STAGE OF ANGLO-EGYPTIAN NEGOTIATIONS: The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Anthony Nutting, right, being introduced to the Egyptian Prime Minister, Lieut.-Colonel Abdel Nasser by Sir Ralph Stevenson, centre, British Ambassador in Cairo. Mr. Nutting was calling at the Presidency for a preliminary meeting to discuss the arrangements for the signing of the Agreement on the evacuation of the Suez Canal Zone.

SHIPS OF THE DARING CLASS JOIN THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET: Moving at speed in close line abreast are H.M.S. *Duchess*, from which this picture was taken, and *Diana*, *Diamond* and *Decoy*. These 2,610-ton Daring-class warships arrived earlier this month at the Mediterranean station and are now operating as a complete unit for the first time, forming the second division of the first cruiser squadron. Until last year they were known as destroyers, but the Daring-class is faster and yet more heavily armed. They make excellent anti-submarine vessels, but can also be used for the normal tasks of light cruiser reconnaissance.

THE DARING-CLASS VESSELS AT MALTA: Berthed in Dockyard Creek, Malta, are the four vessels which have just joined the Mediterranean Fleet. They are the *Duchess* (Captain D. G. Goodwin), *Diana* (Captain C. R. L. Argles), *Diamond* (Captain T. L. Eddison) and *Decoy* (Captain M. N. Tufnell). In the background is the *City of Bormla*. The Daring-class ships took part in the demonstration for the Emperor of Ethiopia at Malta.

SPINNING IN MEMORY OF MAHATMA GANDHI: Some of the hundreds of devotees of Mahatma Gandhi spinning at the Rajghat, in Delhi, at the celebrations held to mark the eighty-fifth anniversary of the birth of the great Indian leader. After prayers and devotional songs had been offered, those attending the ceremony began the mass spinning. The President of India, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, joined in this. It was Gandhi who started the spinning movement in India "for the uplift of the masses of the country." All the people at the ceremony brought their own hand spinning-looms.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY IN HONG KONG: Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, wearing a white tropical suit, is shown some of the terrain of the New Territories of Hong Kong by Lieut.-General C. S. Sugden, Commander of the British Forces in the Colony. The First Lord was visiting the New Territories during his three-weeks tour of the Far East, in which he covered over 20,000 miles. Besides Hong Kong he visited Singapore, Colombo and Trincomalee. At all these stations Mr. Thomas inspected dockyards and civil establishments, and met officers and men of the Royal Navy afloat and ashore.

MARSHAL TITO TRIES OUT HIS ENGLISH ON ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN: The C.-in-C. Mediterranean was paying a farewell call on President Tito before relinquishing his command of the Fleet. The Admiral arrived off Brioni in the Despatch vessel *Surprise*, which, after firing a personal salute to the President, anchored off the harbour on the south side of the island. Then Admiral Mountbatten, with his personal staff and Mr. John Shattock, the British Chargé d'Affaires in Belgrade, went ashore and met the President. After luncheon the President took the British party on a short tour of the island. Later, President Tito, accompanied by his personal staff, dined with Admiral Mountbatten on board the *Surprise*.

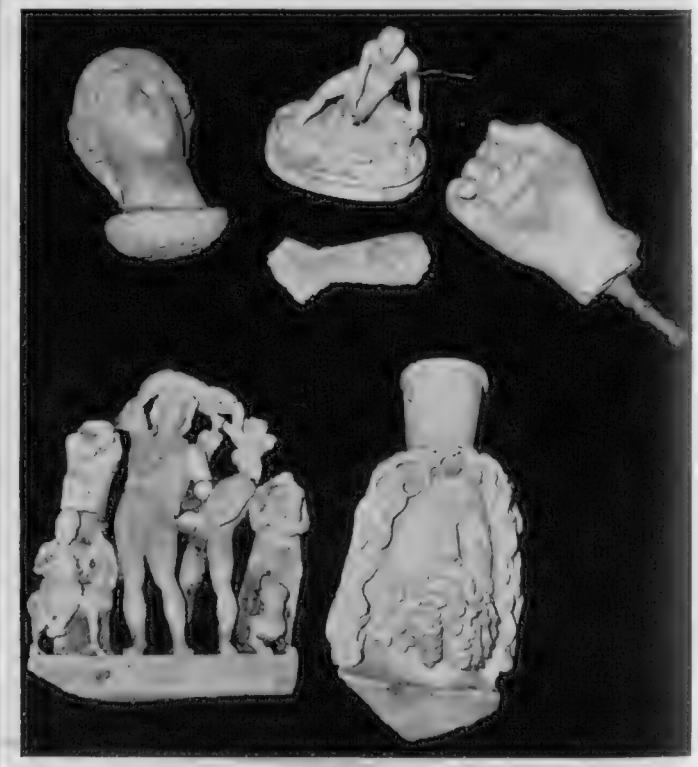
MISS JEANNETTE ALTWEGG IS MARRIED IN SWITZERLAND: She is seen with her husband, M. Marc Wirz, an engineer, after their wedding at Zurich. Jeannette Altwegg, who was a former ice-skating champion, made headline news in 1952, when she turned down a high offer to join an ice show in favour of working in the Pestalozzi village for orphans in Switzerland.

More Recent Finds in the City

Each Day there has been Further News of Valuable Discoveries of Roman London at Walbrook

A SCHOOLBOY DISCOVERS A ROMAN WELL: Stephen Greenway, a West Kensington schoolboy, is one of the enthusiastic volunteers at Walbrook. He was given leave from school to investigate the timbered well which he had uncovered. The bones he has dug from the mud may have been of animals eaten by the Romans.

MUD AND CLAY YIELD VALUABLE FRAGMENTS: Fifteen-year-old Stephen Greenway is standing in the centre above the well he had discovered. Other researchers assisted him in baling it out and in probing into the clay and mud. The chief finds were fragments of pottery and the bones of domestic animals. Experts place the dates of the manufacture of the pottery at some time in the third, or possibly fourth, century A.D. The well was lined with timber and lay to the south of the temple. It is thought it may have been in the grounds of a house of considerable size. Each new find adds to knowledge of Roman London.



BACCHUS JOINS THE OTHER DEITIES: A group of some of the more important finds of last week. In the left-hand corner are Bacchus and his companions. Above them is the bust of an unknown deity. Centre is a marble statuette of a figure seated on a ram. Bottom right is probably the bearded head of Serapis, the Egyptian god of fertility and harvest, crowned by a corn measure.

On left—

THE WINE GOD AT HIS REVELS: This marble group—16 ins. high—has Bacchus in the centre. On the left is the god's drunken attendant, Silenus, riding, as usual, on his donkey. The headless female figure at right may have been one of the *Maenads*, who prepared the wine for the orgies. The base has the untranslatable inscription *Hominibus Bagisbatam*. It would have been unusual for Bacchus to be associated with the austere Mithras.

ROMAN LONDON

A SPECIAL SECTION DEALING WITH THE RECENT DISCOVERIES ON THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE AT WALBROOK; A PICTORIAL RECONSTRUCTION OF THE MITHRAEUM

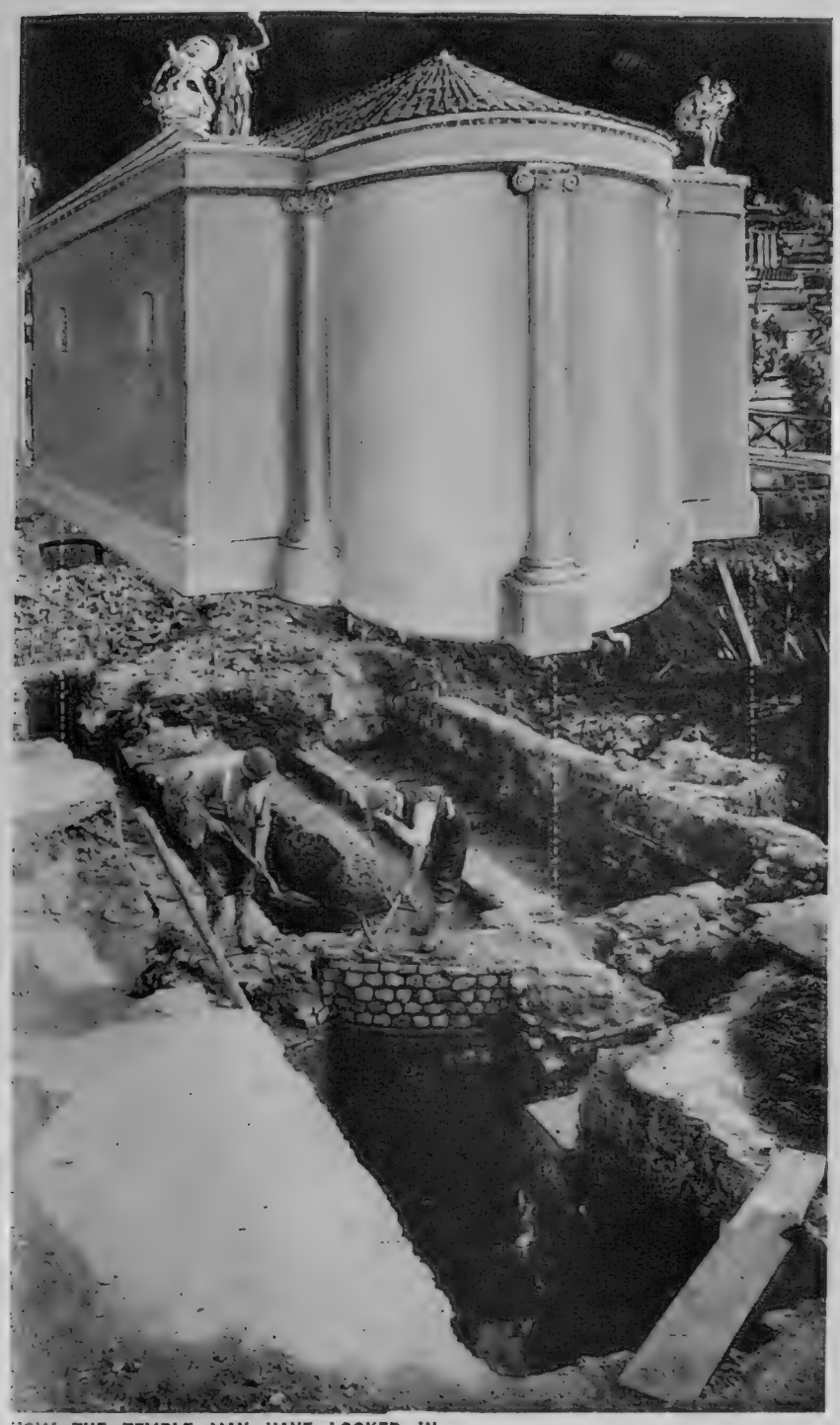
Drawings by J. MILLAR WATT; diagrams by F. NELLIS MANN

The investigation of the site at Walbrook was begun three years ago by Mr. W. F. Grimes, Director of the London Museum, for the Roman and Medieval London Excavation Council. However, only in recent weeks has the full extent of the foundations become known and Mithras turned overnight into a star attraction for London's crowds. The immediate problem which arose, and received wide attention in the Press, was how could the temple be preserved without great financial loss to the owners of the site in Bucklersbury, who had completed plans for erecting new office buildings there. It was estimated that to keep the remains where they were would cost about £500,000. This very large sum would had to have come out of public funds, and Sir David Eccles, the Minister of Works, in consultation with the Cabinet, set out to find a compromise solution. This solution was found by what the Minister very rightly has described as a most generous proposal on the part of the owners of Bucklersbury. They have suggested removing the remains of the temple and re-erecting them in an open courtyard on the Queen Victoria Street front of the new Bucklersbury House. The owners have undertaken to bear the cost of the move, which, it is believed, will be about £10,000. Thus the remains will be preserved about 80 yards from where they were found. The removal, which will have to be fitted in with building operations, is expected to take two years to complete. But eventually passers-by in Queen Victoria Street will be able to see the temple by looking over a low wall.

The temple is one of the most important discoveries ever made regarding Britain in the period of Roman occupation. Its date is debatable. Mr. Grimes puts it at late second century. Other archæologists have placed it as early as A.D. 90. However, there is general agreement that it continued to be used until the beginning of the fourth century. Again, its appearance has been the subject of a number of pictorial reconstructions. Mr. Millar Watt has based his reconstructions on the best of the available evidence.

(Continued on following pages)

THE HEAD OF MITHRAS: This was the find which identified the temple with the worship of the Persian Sun-god. Mithras was usually depicted, as he is here, in a Phrygian cap. The head may have been part of a statue on the high altar.



HOW THE TEMPLE MAY HAVE LOOKED IN ROMAN LONDON: An artist has drawn his reconstruction of the Mithraic temple above this picture of the Roman foundations recently discovered at Walbrook. The workmen are uncovering a section of the west end, which was an apse. The pillars may have served as buttresses. Within the apse was the sanctuary. The main part of the building was the nave, with the entrance at the east. The figures on the roof are Mithraic symbols.

TACITUS tells us that Roman London before the end of the first century A.D. was "magnificent" and "illustrious." There can be little question that its splendour increased in the following hundred years. Wherever they settled, the Romans brought the ideas of architectural grandeur which they applied in their capital city, and London, although one of the furthest outposts of the Empire, was no exception. On this and the following pages THE SPHERE's special artist, J. Millar Watt, has illustrated something of the appearance of Roman London in the second century A.D., with special reference to the recently discovered Mithraic Temple at Walbrook.

In the second century London was as yet unwalled. The fortifications were added later. It was an open city, easily approached by water or by the various streets which ran in from the north, west and east. A bridge over the Thames carried communications to the south. Within the city on the north side was the garrison fort. But undoubtedly one of the most impressive buildings was the temple dedicated to the cult of Mithras.

On right—

THE SANCTUARY AS WORSHIPPERS SAW IT: Imposed on this picture of present-day Londoners examining the remains is an artist's impression of an interior reconstruction of the apsed west end. It contained the altar on which stood a large statue of Mithras slaying the bull, the myth on which the religion was founded. Before the altar were three pedestals.

b

ROMAN LONDON *(Continued)*

GENESIS, ACCORDING TO THE MITHRAIC DOCTRINE : The artist has assumed himself to be a worshipper in the temple at Walbrook. He looks from the colonnaded nave, the final pillars of which are seen on the right, to the sanctuary in the western apse. On the altar is the symbolic group of Mithras slaying the bull. The earth is symbolised by the serpent sucking the blood from the bull's body, and this, according to legend, is how life began. In the right-hand corner is one of the statues which usually stood in a Mithraic sanctuary. It is Cautopates (Night), whose mark was the torch held downwards. Its complement was Cautes (Day). This would have been on the other side.

(Continued from previous page)

The temple was dedicated to the god Mithras. It was about 60 ft. long and between 20 and 25 ft. broad, lying from east to west. Unlike a Christian church, the apse and sanctuary were at the west end. The entrance was in the east end. Inside the main portion was a central nave between two rows of pillars, each about 12 ft. high, with aisles on both sides. These aisles appear to have been raised and made of timber, and may have been used as benches by the worshippers. The pillars were either Corinthian or Ionic in style. Here was the altar with the group of Mithraic symbols—the chief figures being the god himself slaying the bull, from the blood of which springs the life of the earth. Earth was symbolised by a serpent sucking the blood and the dog of Mithras was also drinking. Before the altar were three pedestals for offerings and incense, and on either side of it the statues of the god's companions, Cautes (Day) and Cautopates (Night). The figure of Day held a torch aloft, but Night had a torch turned downwards. These symbolic figures may also have adorned the roof, for a fragmentary Cautopates has been unearthed outside the temple. Opinions differ as to whether the building had any windows, but it seems likely to have had one or two narrow apertures for ventilation. In the south aisle a square well, lined with timber and about 2 ft. deep, has been discovered. This, taken with another find, a heavy stone laver, indicates that water had a part in the Mithraic ritual.

Below—

A ROMAN OFFICER'S DEDICATION : A sketch of a bas-relief in the London Museum, which is the earliest indication of Walbrook's associations with Mithras worship. It was probably dug up at the end of the last century and was in a private collection before being given to the Museum. The conventional Mithraic symbols are bounded by the signs of Zodiac. The inscription says that Ulpius Silvanus, of the Second Legion, made his vow.

For a long time in the excavations no evidence could be found for the purpose of the building. Then in the middle of last month the marble head of a man in a Phrygian cap was dug up. This was identified as a figure of Mithras. A few days later a second Mithraic figure was brought to light and the role of the building as a Mithraic temple seemed beyond dispute. Additional evidence was seen in a stone relief, now in the London Museum, which had been found some time previously in Walbrook. This relief depicted the traditional Mithraic symbolism of the slaughter of the bull. Then last week came further finds. These discoveries were three fine pieces of sculpture and an earthen bowl. Mr. Grimes considered them among the most valuable Roman remains ever unearthed in London. The most important sculpture was the bearded head of a man, topped with a corn measure and decorated with a leaf motif. This was thought to represent Serapis, the Egyptian god of corn and the harvest.

By the side of this head was found the hand of a marble statue which was estimated to have been twice the size of a normal man. The third sculpture was a marble statuette, a small figure with a ram below it. Numerous suggestions have been put forward regarding the purpose of these statues in a Mithraeum. One theory is that they formed part of a gigantic reredos to the altar, but it is difficult to see how Serapis—if the newly uncovered head is the Egyptian god—would have a place in it. Another theory is that the statues were those of other Roman gods which were buried for safety in or near the temple when Christianity was proscribing the old pagan idols. From their state of preservation it certainly does seem that they were deliberately and carefully buried and not thrown down.

Another problem posed by these latest statues is that they are of a higher quality of work than any previously found in Britain, and may therefore have been brought from Rome itself. Comparisons with the only other Mithraeum in Britain—that at Carrawburgh, on Hadrian's Wall—are of little assistance. The Carrawburgh temple is smaller than the London one, but its three altars had been violently demolished. The reasons for the careful burying of the new London statues and the choice of the Mithraic temple as the site for this burial, are still being examined. Some opinions hazard that the Walbrook temple had a more comprehensive purpose than hitherto supposed and that it was a pantheon for all the Roman gods.

It must be remembered that tolerance was a mark of all Roman religions prior to Christianity. The Roman citizen and the Roman soldier worshipped a variety of gods. Mithras had been brought from the east by the army of Pompey, and in the second century A.D. was established all over the Empire. Mithras was one of the sun gods, a champion of light against darkness and a source of life-giving energy. In its early form, which was propagated by the followers of the Persian prophet Zoroaster, Mithraism was part of a pure cult of sun worship. The Romans adapted it to suit their own needs, but much of the original cult was preserved. The religion centred round the legend of the great deed of the slaughter of the bull. Stone reliefs and plaques depicting this myth were the symbols of the cult, and were placed in

THE GROUND PLAN OF THE TEMPLE : This artist's diagram is a reproduction of the foundations uncovered to date. There appear to have been two floor-levels, the second put in a century-and-a-half after the first. The temple lay on a west (1) to east (11 and 12) axis. A porch may be found at the east end. *Inset* is a sketch of the head of Mithras, which emphasises his Phrygian cap. This cap appeared on the god's head as he moved westwards from Persia with the Roman armies. He did not wear it in the first Zoroastrian concept.

the temples, which were often underground vaults. The worshippers passed through a long initiation and observed a strict religious discipline. Their chief rite was participation in a ritual which is held to have been a communion service signifying the unity of all life. It was a sacramental creed, and at its best it was certainly a religion with an ethical appeal, at any rate to men. But it tended to become debased and concern itself with demonology and astrology.

Mithraism was tolerant, and therefore its Roman worshippers in London in the second century A.D. would think it normal to have a number of other gods as well. The soldiers had brought deities from Egypt as well as Persia—which explains the presence of Serapis in Walbrook—but Mithras made the widest appeal of the various creeds, until the advent of Christianity. Rivalry between the two religions was inevitable, because the early Christians, not unjustifiably, regarded the Mithraic rites as parodies of their own. As Christianity grew in power, Mithras worship was violently persecuted and its symbols thrown down. Thus it seems possible that the followers of Mithras in London eventually buried their statues to prevent their being damaged. Since Mithras was tolerant, it would be natural for the followers of other persecuted gods to bury their symbols in the same site.

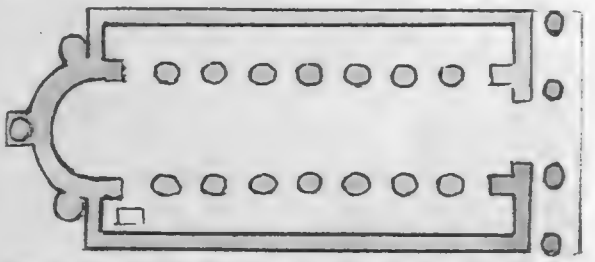
The nature of Mithras worship, and the ritual followed in its temples, must remain conjectural. But its doctrine of tolerance implied more than a free-and-easy attitude to other creeds. It was an expression of the basic principle of the unity of all life, which is inherent in Oriental and Greek thought and is best expressed in the Platonic Idea of the Good. Mithras was a not unworthy attempt to follow in this tradition. The god was a hero at the side of the greatest of all deities of light—Ahura Mazda—in the everlasting struggle against the evil demon Ahriman.

There is something of Christianity in his conception as a mediator, saving man from the forces of darkness. His symbols made a strong appeal to the world of confused standards at the beginning of the Christian era. Christianity itself emerged as the great unifying religion. But in the period before its widespread acceptance Mithraism was feeling out in the same direction. The early Christian regarded the Mithraic temples, with their statues and idols, as seats of blasphemy. But the Mithras worshipper, particularly the Roman worshipper, surrounded himself with the figures of a great variety of gods, Persian, Egyptian, Latin, Greek and Oriental, because he considered they were each an expression of Man's desire for good. Thus it is very probable that the Mithraeum at Walbrook would have contained the shrines of several deities.

THE OUTSTANDING BUILDING OF ROMAN LONDON: It is a claim which might well have been made for the Mithraeum, as the artist shows in this reconstruction of its appearance in the middle of the second century A.D. Its length was 60 ft., by 20 to 25 ft. broad. The overall height was 25 ft. On the roof were figures of the Mithraic symbols, which would also have been inside the temple. Narrow slit windows probably provided ventilation, although this is not agreed by all archæologists, some of whom maintain it had no windows at all. The columns outside the apse did duty as buttresses against the unstable ground on which the building was erected. In accordance with current Roman practice, the roof was presumably of red tiles. Around the temple area were trees. Mithraism was introduced into the Empire from the East by Pompey's soldiers. It was never an official religion, but it had a wide cult among the civil population as well as among the military.

For two centuries at least this majestic building dominated the centre of Roman London. The excavations of Mr. Grimes and his colleagues have added much to our knowledge of the city. In the immediate vicinity of the temple have been found traces of what must have been a Roman house of some size, besides several smaller discoveries of pottery and other implements. Some of these have been baled from a Roman well full of water and have been assigned to the third and the fourth centuries A.D. One impression emerges clearly. In the greatest period of Roman building, London must have been one of the finest cities in the Empire. It was sometimes called Augusta for this very reason. The Romans were probably the greatest town-planners in history. In London they had an ideal natural site, with good communications and favourable for traffic. The city was carefully planned, perhaps it was the best-planned London which has ever been created. As a result of the Walbrook excavations, additions can be made to the existing street maps of Roman London, which give further proof of this. It may have been regarded by the army as a more congenial station than Bath, or any of the notable provincial centres on the Continent. The bulk of its architecture was probably well preserved until the Romans themselves withdrew. Then their city decayed and was replaced by a haphazard collection of crude Saxon dwellings. The temple itself may have been neglected earlier, when Rome adopted Christianity and the persecution of the other religions began. So far there has been no evidence that the Mithraeum was transformed into a Christian church, nor does it seem likely that this was so.

To many people one of the most surprising aspects of the excavations has been the enormous crowds who have been drawn to the site. This unexpected enthusiasm for archæology may be partly explained by the news stories of the efforts which were being made so that the foundations could be preserved. But the official team of excavators received many offers of volunteer help—a schoolboy assisted in the valuable discoveries which were made in a well. Perhaps, however, it was not a little-known Persian god who was the attraction.



THE COLONNADE OF THE NAVE AND THE AISLES: This plan shows the nave, which stood between two columns of pillars, each of them 12 ft. high, and the aisles on either side. It is thought that the aisles were made of timber and probably raised above the level of the nave. On them the temple worshippers could recline.

Rather, it was the fact that the outlines of the first London were being uncovered and Londoners felt proud to gaze at the beginnings of their city, which has continued in varied forms, but always with glory, for nearly 2,000 years.

LONDON UNDER THE ROMAN OCCUPATION DURING THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR HADRIAN: It is assumed that the Mithraic temple had just been built. This artist's impression shows the building in the centre, dominating the city. London was not yet surrounded by walls. The military fort or garrison was at the north in what is now Cripplegate. The main residential area was behind the port by the River Thames, which was crossed by a bridge. The Walbrook followed a snake-like course, passing close to the Mithraeum. There is no doubt that it was continuing in the description given it earlier by Tacitus as a "magnificent and illustrious city."

A ROMAN YOUTH: This marble head portrays a youth with curled hair falling on to his neck. The head may have worn a diadem or crown.

THE STATUETTE OF A GOD: The exquisite figure is sitting on a ram. The crack from the leg to the base was caused by pressure of earth during burial.

On right—
THE CHIEF ARCHÆOLOGIST: Mr. W. F. Grimes (on the right), the Director of the London Museum, who is in charge of the excavations, shows an important find to Sir David Eccles, the Minister of Works. The head is believed to be of Mithras.

ROMAN LONDON *(Continued)*

THE PRINCIPAL ASSISTANT: Mrs. Audrey Williams, the principal assistant of the team assisting Mr. Grimes, measures one of the walls of the temple in the excavations on the Walbrook site.

MARKING THE LAYOUT OF THE TEMPLE: The vast crowds who flocked to the site at Walbrook were able to see the various features of the temple from signboards laid on them. Those seen in the centre here show the sleeper wall, the original floor-level of 150 A.D. and the later level of 300 A.D.

"MOST VALUABLE ROMAN REMAINS": This was how Mr. Grimes described last week's discoveries, seen here being examined by Mrs. Williams. The bearded head is thought to have been Serapis.

On left—
RECORDING THE FOUNDATIONS: Aspects of the temple site have been carefully recorded by artists, as well as by the camera. In this picture an artist is taking down details of some of the bases of the columns.

On right—
THE NEW BUCKLERSBURY BUILDING: A sketch of the vast new block of office accommodation which is to be completed above the original site of the temple marked in the centre. The owners of the site have undertaken to remove the foundations to a new site behind the building.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES : A group of the four finds which were made at the beginning of last week. They were unearthed by Mrs. Audrey Williams just inside the entrance at the east end of the temple. The bearded head is believed to represent Serapis, the Egyptian god of corn and harvest. The earthen bowl in the foreground may have been used in Mithraic ritual. The large marble hand must have been part of a figure which was at least twice life-size. It may have been part of a reredos behind the altar in the sanctuary. In the background is the statuette of a god sitting on a ram. It is possible that these statues were buried for safety by Mithras worshippers when the Christians began their violent suppression of Mithraism throughout the Roman Empire. Their excellent preservation indicates they were buried with care.

MITHRAS DRAWS VAST CROWDS : The discovery of the Roman remains in Walbrook drew enormous crowds. Many people queued to wait their turn to see the Mithraeum. Spectators are looking down on Mrs. Williams and her colleagues with four important finds.

THE DIRECTOR CONTINUES HIS SEARCH : Mr. Grimes, the director of the excavations which have resulted in such valuable archæological discoveries, is standing in the centre, with his back to the camera. The entire foundations of the temple are to be removed from Walbrook to a new site on Queen Victoria Street, where they will be re-erected in their entirety. The removal is expected to take about two years, as the work will have to be fitted in with the building operations on the new Bucklersbury House.

A Countryman's Journal

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

The Jubilee Conference of Parish Councils.—The Parish Councils are sixty years old this year, and in honour of the occasion a National Conference was held at the Central Hall, Westminster, on September 23 and 24. There was an excellent attendance, and parish representatives (including myself on the first day) came from all over England and Wales. Our main business was to debate a number of resolutions dealing with parish government. But in addition, we had four eminent guests whose presence greatly added to the value of the meeting. The two speakers that I heard were Mr. Attlee and the Archbishop of York—both spoke well, of course. They were measured, impartial and wise, but their value lay not so much in what they said as in the way they re-stated important but uncontroversial points. Mr. Attlee, for example, emphasised the necessity of really local government in a world of increasing centralisation. The Parish Council was the bulwark of the individual, it helped preserve the village as an effective unit and inculcate a sense of locality. Dr. Garbett was more specific. He thought that the Parish Council had two jobs to do: first, to make sure that the village was a fit place to live in—that it should have amenities comparable with the town; and, secondly, that it should actively protect the heritage of history and beauty which make our countryside unique.

No one can possibly quarrel with these sentiments, and it was good to hear them repeated in a loud voice by people who matter. We all need to be reminded of home truths now and again. But, alas, it is all too easy to acknowledge a truth and yet betray it by apathy and lip-service. We all know, for instance, that Parish Councils are largely ineffective because they have no real powers, and that the village is being devitalised because it has lost its economic standing. I had hoped that one or other of these great men—and I understand this applied equally well to Sir David Maxwell Fyfe and the Earl of Derby who spoke the next day—would come out in strong support of some of the concrete changes that were debated by the conference.

One great need is to give Parish Councils more money to spend and more things to spend it on. At present a number of small councils cannot even meet their three-year election expenses, and they have to have recourse to underground agreements whereby only the right number of candidates come forward so that no contest need take place. This is a mockery of democracy, and a strong resolution was passed in favour of reform. One of the best speeches from the floor came from Alderman A. M. Watson, of Lancashire, who made the case for re-rating agricultural land and industry. As a farmer I should, of course, have no sympathy for this. None the less, I was almost convinced that it is one of the best ways of raising parish revenue without having to increase the general rate. Then we had the usual protests about the inadequacy of village school buildings, the lack of public telephones, the state of the roads, and the need for closer touch between the Parish, the Rural District and the County Councils. These are all well-worn themes. In the last case I would advocate doing away with Rural District Councils altogether. There is nothing sacrosanct about the *three* tiers of government, and I believe that a promoted Parish Council and the County Council could do all the work between them just as efficiently and possibly more cheaply. The R.D.C. might be replaced by a local office of the County on much the same lines as a Divisional Executive in County education. This is a big controversial subject, bound to run into heavy resistance; but we should not shy off it for that reason.

It was altogether a powerful and stimulating conference, likely to advance the cause of the Parish Councils. My fear is that unless the cause is truly and solidly advanced within the next few years, then Parish Councils will become even less effective than they are now. Many of the best minds keep out of parish government as it is, simply because they feel there are too many handicaps. They leave the job to their less well-endowed neighbours and to the public dogsbodies whose sense of duty forces them to take on far more work than they can do justice to. The result is not good. It is a vicious circle which can only be broken by Parliament making parish government more worth while.

AT THE PARISH COUNCIL CONFERENCE IN WESTMINSTER: The Archbishop of York, Dr. Cyril Garbett, addressing the National Diamond Jubilee Conference of Parish Councillors at the Central Hall in London. He was one of the four eminent guest speakers during the two-day conference held last week.

Village Histories.—There are plenty of village histories, ranging from the popular guide to the academic work of scholarship. About fifty years ago it was one of the minor industries of the parson, probably the only man in the village with the intellect and the interest to do the job. Occasionally it was someone quite different, for example, the doctor—such as Dr. Joseph Stevens who wrote that classic of village histories, *The Parochial History of St. Mary Bourne.* Stevens was a remarkable man. Son of a Berkshire farmer, he studied medicine at Middlesex hospital in the 1840's. After qualifying both as a physician and a surgeon, he started in practice at the small village of St. Mary Bourne, near Andover, and stayed there for the rest of his working life. As a man of Liberal inclinations he soon became the "father" of the village, attending to the welfare of the mind as well as of the body. He started a village library and a small museum, founded a "labouring man's association"—a kind of primitive adult education class—was the first chairman of the Board School, and encouraged village activities in every way. He was a sound archæologist, and after his retirement became the first Curator of Reading Museum.

His monument is his book, a massive work of some 400 pages covering every aspect of the social history of the place from old stone implements. He made his own engravings and diagrams, and almost certainly had the book published at his own expense. I must admit that a good deal of his text is rather heavy going. His style is pedantic, and he suffered from the scholar's love of argument. But the subject matter is fascinating, and occasionally he gives a real human touch, "About forty-five years ago, when I first settled in the village," he wrote, "a friend enquired: 'What kind of folk live at Bourne?', whereupon I replied: 'The people generally live in thatched houses, and keep old Christmas.'

"I remember being informed by an old inhabitant who had reached the advanced age of ninety-three, that she could bear in memory having walked from Hurstbourne Tarrant to the neighbouring village of Stoke to see a sash-window, the first introduction of its kind in the district. She also told me that in her early days the passing of a post-chaise along the street was sufficient to secure half-a-holiday for the school-children."

Stevens was indeed a great "character," and people still talk about his idiosyncrasies. His medicine was effective but primitive, for so many of the current ailments were but the outcome of ignorance. He forbade the use of the Bourne (the village stream) for every natural purpose, and he forced open nailed-up windows to let fresh air into stuffy bedrooms. He extracted teeth with a piece of tow and made his patients sit on the floor for better leverage. His pills were in great demand. There were only two kinds—"starters" and "stoppers." Otherwise, when absent from the surgery for a bit of sport, he would depute his groom to serve all customers from a bucket of salts.

Nowadays village histories are often the work of more than one person. Members of the Parish Council and the Women's Institute, and others, gather material for someone to edit and write up. It 's extraordinary what can be got together in this way—old diaries, scrap-books, local newspapers, even school exercise books and private letters, quite apart from the recognised sources of information, such as minute books and registers and whatever the County Record Office has to offer. I have on my desk *A History of Exford*, a small, paper-bound volume of some fifty pages compiled by Mrs. C. M. Hamilton and published last year. It is largely made up of local contributions, and although it is not a work of scholarship such as Stevens's book, it covers much the same territory and is far more readable: in fact, an admirable piece of work.

It gains, too, by recording recent history, and includes a full description of the great Exmoor flood of August 15, 1952. I remember it only too well. My farm lies just south of Dulverton on some high ground, and so we were fortunate in that we escaped all damage. But in Dulverton itself, at Exford and the other villages in the centre of the moor, and, of course, at Lynton and Lynmouth on the far side, it was quite a different story. It is generally agreed that the trouble arose from the sudden saturation of the watershed, a boggy stretch of land known as the Chains, through phenomenal rainfall: it is estimated that a cloudburst following a day of continuous rain yielded 9 ins. in twenty-four hours. At Exford everything was in order until the late evening, when suddenly, about ten o'clock, the river burst its banks and a wall of water tore through the village, creating havoc in every direction. Stories of damage are apt to be elaborated with the passage of time, but there is nothing elaborate about the account in this little book: that is its value as a record.

Here are two incidents: At the White Horse Hotel the water carried one block of loose boxes, complete with the horses inside and the concrete foundations, half-way across the yard; it then swept a car through the back of the garage, across the village green and street, and down the river. At the grocer's shop the owner was faced with the horrid task of digging out a ton of sugar (taken in only that afternoon), a task made no easier by the attentions of all the bees in the neighbourhood.

Posterity will be grateful to village historians, for it is due to their efforts that the full story of the countryside can be told.

THE BEST-KEPT VILLAGE IN WORCESTERSHIRE: A view of a section of the main street of Overbury, whose neat and charming appearance helped the village to earn the title of the Best-Kept Village in Worcestershire for 1954. This is the first competition of its kind to be held in Worcestershire; it was organised by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. A similar competition held in Gloucestershire this year was won by Chipping Campden.

FOUR-FURROW PLOUGHING IN ESSEX: A picture of a farm near Witham at the end of last month, when the oats had been harvested and the land was just sufficiently dry for ploughing. Handling the four-furrow Ransome plough is Mr. David Aves.

PROGRESS IN BUILDING THE NEW ELECTRICITY PROJECT AT LAWERS, IN PERTHSHIRE: A general view of the dam now being constructed as part of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's Scheme high up in the hills. The dam is 1,250 ft. long and 130 ft. high. The project will use the rainfall and the headwaters of streams on Ben Lawers and the adjacent peaks to produce 80,000,000 units of electricity annually. The water will be collected at heights of nearly 2,000 ft. above sea-level. Ben Lawers is a noted area for botanical and archæological research, but the Electric Board's Scheme has been carefully planned so as not to affect these interests.

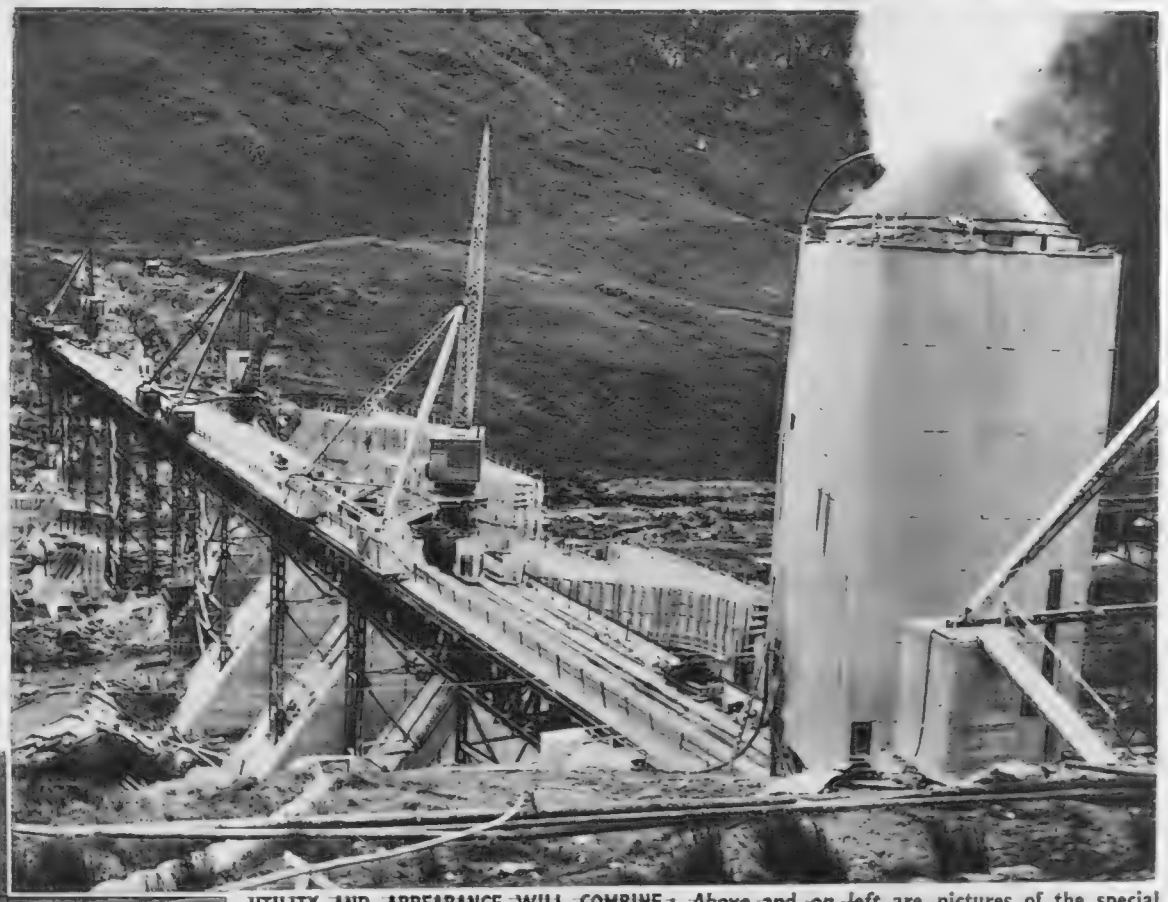
ELECTRICITY FOR PERTHSHIRE

Work Proceeds on the Hydro-Electric Project High in the Hills near Ben Lawers

The Lawers Hydro-Electric Scheme will use the rainfall on Ben Lawers and adjacent peaks in central Perthshire to produce some 80,000,000 units of electricity each year. The project will tap the headwaters of the streams on the slopes of Ben Lawers and lead them to Lochan na Lairige on the high pass between Loch Tay and Glen Lyon. The water will be collected at heights between 1,720 and 1,850 ft. above sea-level, and the larger part of the catchment areas of these hills will be unaffected. Improvements have been made in the road from Lochtayside to Lochan na Lairige.

At the entrance to the loch a buttress type of dam is being constructed which, when complete, will be 1,250 ft. long and 130 ft. high and have twenty buttresses. This type of dam is both functional and attractive in appearance. The use of buttresses means a substantial saving in the quantity of cement used. The surface-level of the lochan will be raised to about 1,715 ft. above

(Continued below, on right)



UTILITY AND APPEARANCE WILL COMBINE: *Above and on left* are pictures of the special gantry on which cranes run to carry the concrete for the twenty buttresses of the dam, which, when completed, will be an architectural construction worthy of its natural surroundings. Among these hills Scottish ski-ing enthusiasts find excellent sport during the winter. At the end of the gantry is an electrically-operated concrete mixer.

sea-level when the dam is finished. Concrete mixers have been set up above the shore of the loch. Stone is brought to them by an aerial cableway which operates an endless chain of skips, carrying stone from a quarry on the face of Meall nan Tarmachan. The concrete is placed in position on the dam by cranes travelling on steel gantries.

Water will be led from Lochan na Lairige through a tunnel and pipeline to a power-station on the shore of Loch Tay, near Finlarig, 1,362 ft. below. The power-station has been built of stone from Aberfoyle. The head of water — that is, the fall between the reservoir and the turbine—is the highest of any station built to date by the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board. The turbine is a 30,000-kilowatt horizontal alternator. After passing through it, the water will be discharged into Loch Tay.

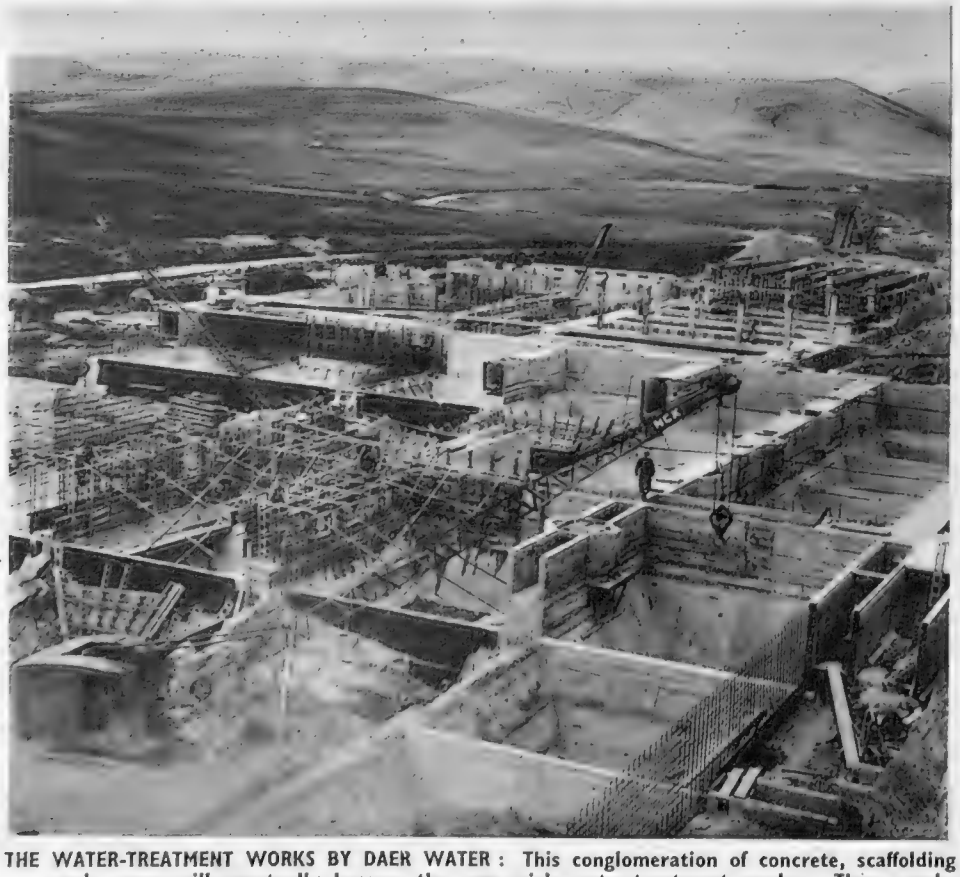
The Ben Lawers range is an area of great botanical interest. In making their plans the Board have kept in close touch with the National Trust for Scotland and other interested organisations. Care has been taken to avoid interference with all the areas where rare plants grow. The interests of archæologists in prehistoric sites have also been protected. Winter sportsmen have benefited from the presence of the engineers. Ben Lawers is a favourite ski-ing area and the Hydro-Electric Board has established a large car-park for the use of members of the Scottish Ski Club. At Killin, the village nearest the project, the workers are taking a full part in local life. Tennis courts have been added to the recreation park and some of the engineers have restarted the troops of Boy Scouts and Wolf Cubs in the village. Killin will also be the centre for another of the Board's operations—the Breadalbane Scheme.

The Lawers and Breadalbane projects are vast in themselves, but they are only two of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's gigantic schemes initiated ten years ago for forty-five power-stations which will make full use of the natural resources for electric power in the Highlands of Scotland.

ON THE VAST MOORLANDS OF LANARKSHIRE A CHANNEL IS HEWN OUT OF SOLID ROCK FOR THE DAER RESERVOIR: The activity on the channel in the foreground contrasts with Lowther Hills, beyond the moorlands. When completed, the reservoir will supply the towns of Hamilton, Motherwell, Airdrie, Coatbridge, Wishaw and the new town of East Kilbride.

A WATER PROJECT IN THE LOWTHER HILLS

The Great Reservoir on Daer Water, in Lanarkshire, which is to Supply Some of the Growing Populations in Scotland



THE WATER-TREATMENT WORKS BY DAER WATER: This conglomeration of concrete, scaffolding and cranes will eventually become the reservoir's water-treatment works. These works will consist of sedimentation tanks, rapid gravity filters and clear water storage tanks.

LAYING THE SIXTY MILES OF PIPELINE WHICH WILL CARRY THE WATER TO THE TOWNS: These pipes are 45 ins. in diameter, but they will reduce to 26 ins. and 21 ins. in the towns. They will carry 16,000,000 gallons a day.

THE MASS CONCRETE CULVERT AND THE SCOUR PIPE: The reservoir's culvert, which is 800 ft. long, contains 600 lb. of cement per cub. yard. Below it is the scour pipe outlet laid in a concrete surround.

THE WASTE-WATER CHANNEL AREA: A view of the Daer Water scheme looking upstream. The newly-built channel is for the waste-water, and to the right of it can be seen the culvert. The channel is founded on sound rock and the invert has been lined with solid concrete.

On left—

THE LARGEST EARTH DAM IN THE COUNTRY: A view along the half-mile length of the dam. On each side are the earth banks, and the core wall is seen running down the centre of the dam. Considerable research was undertaken to ensure that the dam would be able to withstand the stresses developed on the structure.

A NEW LANDMARK AMONG THE LOWTHER HILLS—THE DAER RESERVOIR VALVE TOWER: The valve shaft and the five spans of the Usk Bridge which give access to it. At the top of the shaft is the octagonal valve house. There the headstocks will be operated and a water-level recorder and an overflow weir recorder will be installed. The valve tower is altogether 145 ft. high, and the shaft has three inlets where water is drawn off from the reservoir through a cast-iron standpipe.

Amid the peace of the Lowther Hills, in the south-west corner of Lanarkshire, one of the largest and most ambitious of Scotland's many reservoir projects is already well under way. It was just after the war that the County Council of Lanark asked for a report on the water supplies in their area. The result of the investigation showed that more than 13,300,000 gallons of additional water would be needed to meet the daily requirements of towns in the county, whose populations were on the increase. The experts began to look for a source of water yielding at least 20,000,000 gallons daily, and it was eventually decided that only the Daer Water area fulfilled the requirements. The Daer Water Board was set up, the London firm of Messrs. Binnie, Deacon and Gourley were appointed to act as engineers-in-chief, and in the spring of 1948 work was begun on the construction of an earth dam across the Daer Water.

The towns which are to be supplied with water from the Daer Reservoir are Hamilton, Motherwell, Airdrie, Coatbridge, Wishaw and East Kilbride. Through a 60-mile main water-pipe the reservoir will supply 16,000,000 gallons a day. Some idea of the size of the Daer Water enterprise may be gained from the fact that, with a total water surface area of 530 acres, the reservoir will have a capacity of 5,300,000,000 gallons. One of the most magnificent feats of engineering in an outstanding project is the earth dam. The length along the crest of the dam is nearly half a mile. Its maximum width at the base is 680 ft., its maximum height above the bed of the stream is 135 ft., and the volume of material in the dam is estimated at 2,300,000 cub. yards. In a way the dam is typical of the determination of the county authorities of Scotland, who are not content with half-measures when it comes to providing their growing populations with all amenities.

THE QUEEN'S DEESIDE FOREST

The Unspoiled Beauty of Ballochbuie, on the Balmoral Estate, a Remnant of Scotland's Ancient Wood of Caledon

On right—

THE RICH TREES OF BALLOCHBUIE FOREST CLIMB UP TO "DARK LOCHNAGAR": The unspoiled beauty of the Queen's forest, which is a remnant of the most ancient of Scotland's woods. The 3,763-ft. mountain Lochnagar, with its Byronic associations, is a favourite target for walkers and climbers in the Balmoral estate in Aberdeenshire, only a few miles to the south of Braemar and Ballater.

THE WONDERFUL SCOTTISH PINES WHICH ARE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE BALMORAL ESTATE: These tall, elegant trees, with their canopy of soft green and wine-red boughs, stretch over a considerable portion of Balmoral's 25,000 acres.

On right—

THE OLD BRIDGE OF DEE BELOW LOCHNAGAR: This typical stone bridge over the Royal river is accessible to pedestrians at all times of the year by paths from Ballater and Braemar. Other approaches to Lochnagar may only be used when deer stalking or grouse shooting is not in progress on the estate.

MAKING THE BEST USE OF BLOWN TIMBER: Work is in progress on a lifeboat in a Banffshire boat-building yard. Ballochbuie suffered extensively from the gales of 1952, and its blown timber is still being used to build boats.

THE PATH TO BALMORAL: This drive leads to the Castle by devious twists and turns which weave through Ballochbuie Forest. It runs among pine trees 300 years old, and amid clusters of birches where comparatively rare birds, like the Scottish crossbill and the capercaillie, abound. On the upper slopes of the mountains Balmoral's famous red deer and roe bucks prance about in great freedom.

Within comfortable walking distance of Braemar and Ballater, just to the south of Balmoral Castle, stands one of the most unspoiled and most opulent forests in Scotland. It is the Queen's forest of Ballochbuie, which stands in the 25,000 acres of the Balmoral Estate. It was purchased by Queen Victoria in 1878, some thirty years after the Castle was acquired, and its purchase undoubtedly saved it from being broken up by the tree-fellers.

The centrepiece of Ballochbuie Forest is the mountain of Lochnagar, whose 3,763 ft. dominate even the lofty pines and the voluptuous foliage of the hillside bushes. The forest is a remnant of the ancient Wood of Caledon, of which there are only a few fragments still in existence, such as Rothiemurchus, Abernethy and Glen More. Ballochbuie, however, has been fortunate in that it has not had to suffer from despoliation by fire or felling, and the result is a genuine museum of primeval Scotland complete in every respect.

The most distinctive feature of the forest is the magnificent stand of Caledonian pines, perhaps the finest in Scotland. With their soft green and wine-red boughs, they stretch majestically over the greater part of the estates, standing amid the autumn-tinted heather and bright green bilberry. Among the pines are little pockets of alder and juniper, and by the streams which tumble off the peak of Lochnagar are fine thickets of birches.

Lochnagar itself, with its red deer and roe bucks, is a favourite resort of walkers and climbers, who can approach it, through the forest, at any time of the year. Even in the shooting season the Queen's keepers leave open some paths for those visitors to Aberdeenshire who are not content with just looking at Balmoral Castle from the outside. Those who are enterprising enough to walk a mile or so south will be rewarded with a breathtaking glimpse of Scotland's natural and untouched beauties.

Agreement on Trieste

Italians Wildly Acclaimed the London Accord between Britain, America, Yugoslavia and Italy which Provides for the Future of the Adriatic Port

CROWDS GATHER BENEATH THE ITALIAN FLAG IN TRIESTE: By the London Agreement of last week, it is hoped a solution has been reached on the future of the Adriatic port of Trieste. Britain and America have guaranteed an arrangement by which the territory is divided between Italy and Yugoslavia. The accord was greeted with great enthusiasm by the Italians in Trieste, when the Italian flag was hoisted.

After months of secret negotiations, an agreement on Trieste was initialled last week in London by Britain, America, Yugoslavia and Italy. It provides for the withdrawal of the British and American forces and the division of the territory between Italy and Yugoslavia. Apart from a minor frontier rectification in favour of Yugoslavia, the accord continues the existing demarcation line between the zones of the Free Territory. The British and American Governments have given a guarantee to Italy and Yugoslavia of their rights there. Italy undertakes to maintain Trieste as a free port, and both sides are to safeguard minorities and allow free migration between their respective zones.

Thus a prolonged post-war dispute has been brought to a conclusion. In Rome it was greeted with widespread rejoicing. Belgrade, whose demands produced a deadlock in the negotiations last year, accepted the compromise with calm. It is expected that the 3,000 British troops in the Trieste garrison will leave for home within a month under arrangements made between their commander, Major-General Sir John Winterton, and the Italian general, Major-General de Renzi.

FLAGS AND POSTERS WELCOME TRIESTE'S "RETURN TO ITALY": The dispute regarding the possession of Trieste dates from long before the last war, in fact back to the foundation of the Italian kingdom in 1870.

ROME REGARDS THE AGREEMENT AS A TRIUMPH: After the signing of the accord, members of the Christian Democrat (Government) Party demonstrated their approval in the streets of Rome.

ITALIAN COMMUNISTS SHOW THEIR DISAPPROVAL: In the Italian Senate when the agreement was announced members of all parties stood and applauded, except the Communists. As can be seen, they remained seated in their places.

ITALIAN DEMONSTRATORS PASS BRITISH HEADQUARTERS: Some of the crowd of Italians who demonstrated in the streets of Trieste after Italian flags had been hoisted in their territory. But the Union Jack still flies above them at the British Military H.Q.

THE ITALIAN DEMONSTRATORS ARE PRIMED: At their National League building in Trieste they were issued with flags before the agreement was signed. Despite the inscription "Italian Trieste," part of the territory goes to Yugoslavia.

REDUCING THE RISKS FOR SUBMARINE CREWS: This modernistic tower at the headquarters of the Flag Officer, Submarines—H.M.S. *Dolphin*, at Gosport—holds a 100-ft. depth of water and may be the means by which the risks to submarine crews are lessened in the event of accidents. An impressive demonstration was given here last week of the latest escape techniques to be employed when a submerged submarine is damaged and unable to surface.

NEW METHODS OF SUBMARINE RESCUE

A Demonstration in the New Water Tower at Gosport of the Latest Equipment and Devices for Rescuing the Crews of Sunken Submarines

New methods and equipment for escape from sunken submarines were demonstrated to the Press last week. The demonstration took place at H.M.S. *Dolphin*, the headquarters of the Flag Officer, Submarines, and in H.M.S. *Alaric*, at Gosport. A white tower, more than 100 ft. high and filled with 700 tons of water, has been built there at a cost of £500,000. In it all new entries to the submarine service will undergo training, and it is planned that those at present in the service will also be sent for tests there.

In an address of welcome to the visitors, the Flag Officer, Submarines, Rear-Admiral G. B. H. Fawkes, explained some of the problems inherent in devising equipment for submarine escapes. He pointed out that Britain has had, on the average, fifty submarines in commission in peace-time for the past twenty-nine years of peace, since 1920. In this period there have been ten submarine disasters, which should not be considered an unexpectedly heavy total. He analysed the causes of these disasters, which included the tragedies of the *Truculent* and the *Thetis*, and reached the conclusion that the chances of survival in such an accident are no better than one in ten. He believed, however, that the new techniques which were to be demonstrated would greatly increase this chance of survival.

Much of the new rescue equipment was shown either in the water tower or in H.M.S. *Alaric*. The demonstrators clearly proved what great advances are being made on the old methods. The new devices will be fitted at each end of every new submarine. The developments in rescue apparatus include:

A one-man escape chamber, which will dispense with the existing two-man chamber and enable escapes to be made from 300 ft. below the surface without outside aid.

Devices by which a damaged submarine below the sea can indicate its exact position to the surface. These include radio indicator buoys, underwater signal ejectors for firing smoke candles, and underwater telephones.

A diving bell which can be dropped by a rescue ship and enable escapes to be made from considerable depths.

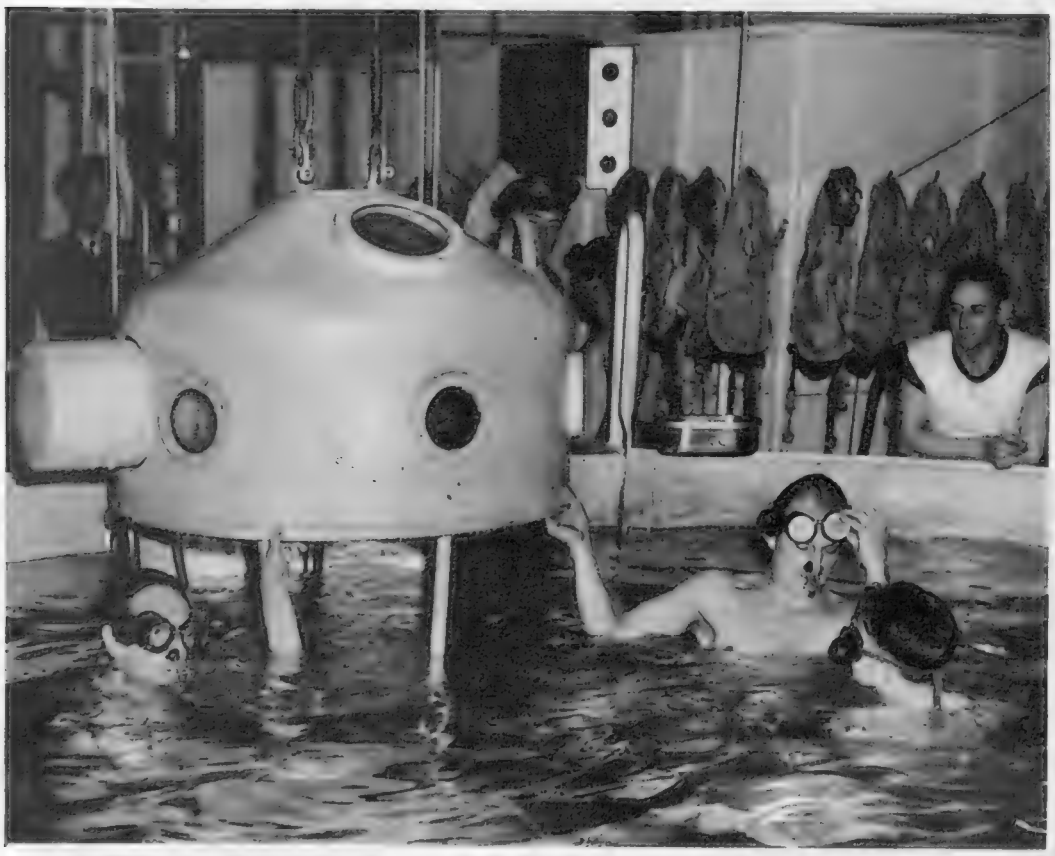
A built-in breathing apparatus which will replace the existing Davis apparatus.

Inflatable immersion suits, which will be issued to every member of a submarine's crew. In them they will not only be able to float, but also be protected from extreme cold by an ingenious heating system.

A 50-FT. LEAP TO SAFETY: An instructor reaches safety from 50 ft. below; he requires only goggles, a nose-clip and an inflated life-jacket.

The demonstration by naval instructors of what is called the "free ascent" method was most impressive. By this an ascent can be made to the surface without any breathing aids. All that is needed is a life-jacket, but it is essential that no attempt is made to hold one's breath. It must be let out of the lungs during the ascent to the surface. Otherwise there is a danger of air embolism in the blood-stream before emerging from the water. For this reason free ascent is carefully taught in a series of graduated "jumps," beginning at 30 ft. Instructors are posted in air locks in the wall of the tank and drag a trainee in if he is not breathing out correctly. So far, all the 300 potential submariners who have been put through the tank have made their ascents correctly.

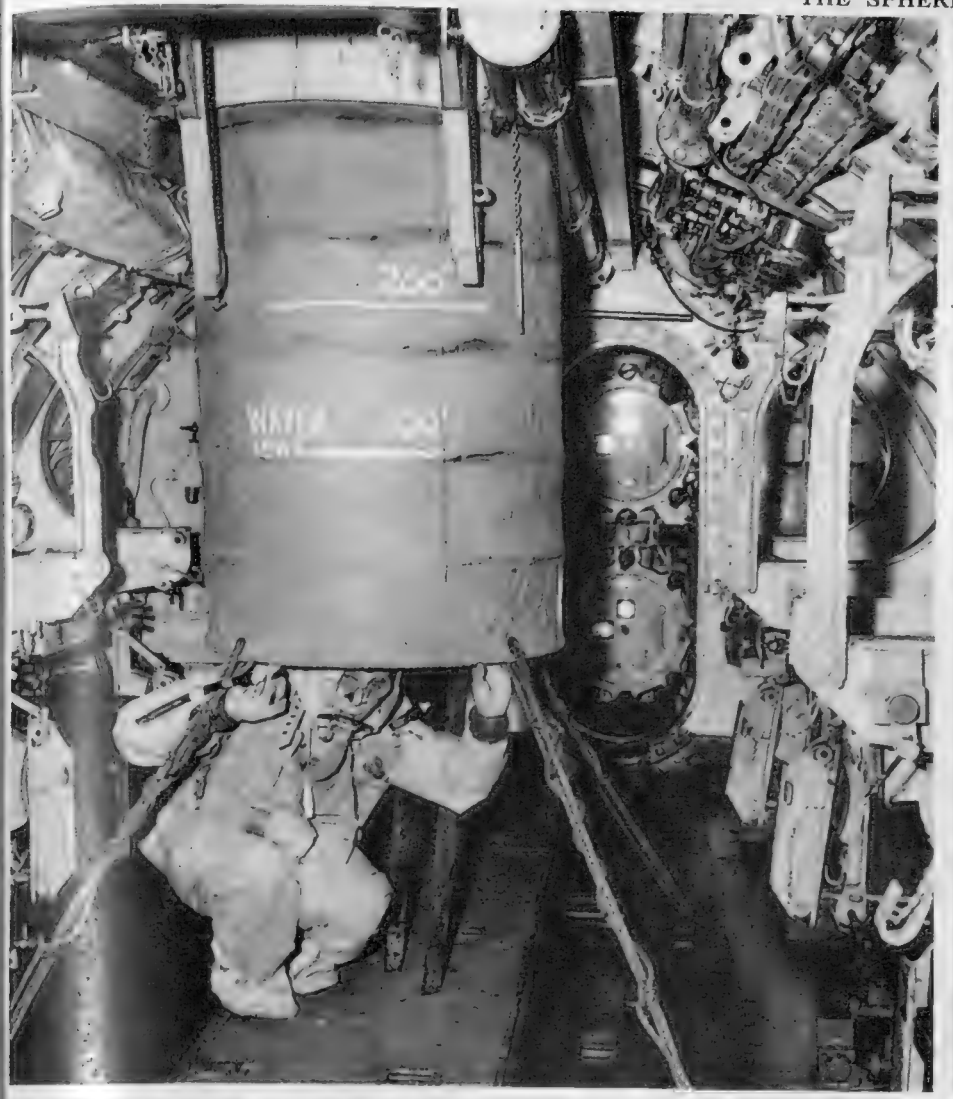
A staff officer, who also addressed the visiting correspondents at Gosport, recalled that it is almost exactly fifty years ago since the first submarine disaster occurred in the Royal Navy. This was in March 1904, when the A.1 was rammed by the S.S. *Berwick Castle* off the Nab and sank with all hands. In the ensuing half-century great strides have been made in rescuing the crews from submerged submarines. From all which was seen at the demonstration it is clear that the advance is being speeded up still more.



THE DIVING BELL: Naval instructors show the equipment with which all 3,500 officers and men in the submarine branch will become familiar within the next eighteen months. The bell can be lowered from a rescue ship to 600 ft. and attached to a special hatch in the submarine's hull. Final trials of the bell are to begin shortly. Chances of escape in a submarine accident are one in ten, but new devices will reduce this ratio.

On right—

THE FIRST WARNING OF DISASTER: This radio indicator buoy is sent up by a submarine damaged or disabled below the sea, so that its position can be charted from the surface. The buoy carries a flag and is stencilled on its top with instructions for anyone who sees it. Submarines are also to be fitted with underwater signal ejectors for firing smoke candles, underwater telephones, and other devices.

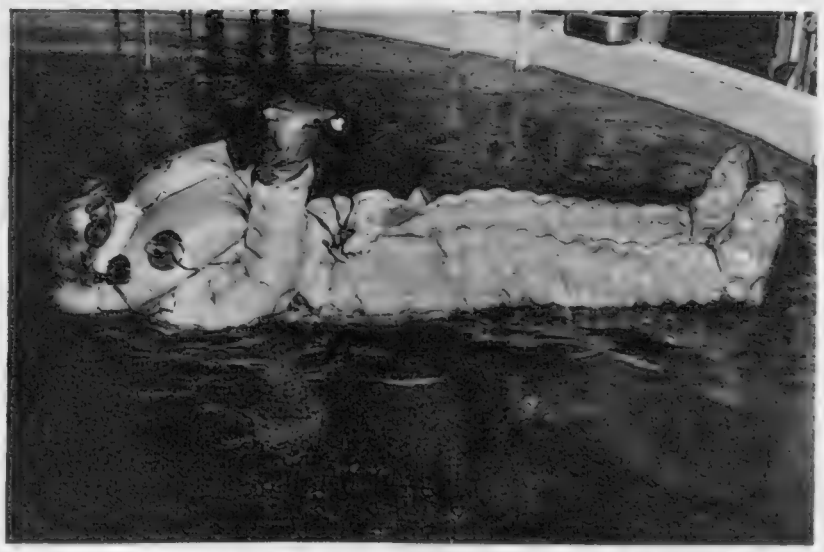


THE START OF AN ASCENT TO SAFETY: Part of the demonstration was given in the submarine, H.M.S. *Alaric*. In this picture a demonstrator, wearing an immersion suit, is about to enter the twill trunking of the escape hatch which should direct him to safety above.

A "BUILT-IN BREATHING SYSTEM": The escape hatch in the 100-ft. tank. Two instructors prepared to ascend. The one standing is breathing a mixture of gas through the pipe, which is a preliminary to this escape.

THE ONE-MAN ESCAPE CHAMBER: This is for rescue from considerable depth. All new submarines are being fitted with this new device at both ends. It will enable escapes to be made from a depth of 300 ft., and will replace the Davis escape gear.

THE ESCAPE HATCH: Looking down into the escape hatch of the submarine H.M.S. *Alaric*. A sailor wearing an immersion suit is on his way up. Every effort is now being made by the Admiralty to minimise submarine fatalities.



THE IMMERSION SUIT: A man comes to the surface in the 100-ft.-tank with his immersion suit inflated. In an actual escape the suit enables him to float, and protects him from extreme cold. The wearer heats the suit by breathing into a tube.

COMMONWEALTH OFFICIALS DISCUSS WORLD TRADE IN LONDON : A general view of the meeting, which was held in the old Treasury Building, Whitehall. The talks were called to discuss the Commonwealth attitude to the review of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trades, which is to start in Geneva next month, and were opened by Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, the President of the Board of Trade. Sir Frank Lee, Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, was elected chairman. This was the largest Commonwealth meeting ever held before a G.A.T.T. Conference, and the fact that the General Agreement is being thrown open to international review after seven years, adds much importance to this pre-conference meeting in London.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE AT THE COMMONWEALTH MEETING : Mr. Peter Thorneycroft is seen third from the right. On his right is Sir Frank Lee, the chairman.

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS BUY HELICOPTERS : Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, the Chairman of B.E.A., is seen (centre) signing a contract with Westland Aircraft to buy two Westland-Sikorsky S55 helicopters, which will be used on regular services between the South Bank, in London, and London Airport. With Lord Douglas are Mr. Eric Mensforth (left), Chairman of Westland Aircraft, and Mr. A. C. Ping, a member of the board of B.E.A. The first helicopter will be delivered next month and the second at the end of the year, and when in service they will cut down the travelling time to London Airport from 1 hour, by road, to 17 minutes. Speaking after the signing ceremony, Lord Douglas disclosed that B.E.A. had mapped out a possible helicopter network incorporating the main cities of the British Isles

ELTHAM PALACE, IN KENT, WHICH IS AT PRESENT BEING REPAIRED BY THE MINISTRY OF WORKS : This view of the palace, which was damaged during the war, shows the west moat wall and the main hall. Eltham Palace is to be preserved as an ancient monument. This fine moated building began as a manor house built about 1300 by Bishop Ley, who was for a time the principal adviser to King Edward I, and it soon became a favourite Royal residence. The chapel, which is now destroyed, was built by Henry VI, and Edward IV was responsible for the building of the great hall during the latter part of the fifteenth century. The palace is at present occupied by the Army Institute of Education, but when the War Office lease from the Commissioner of Crown Lands expires, the whole estate is to be opened to the public.

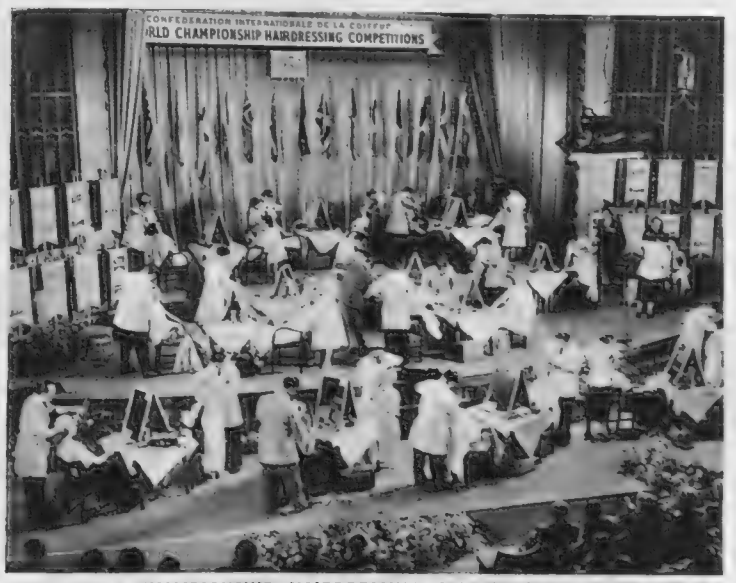
SAILING TO SINGAPORE IN A YACHT : From left to right in this picture are : Mr. Robert Brennam, of Clapton; Mr. W. Stokes, the skipper, and Mr. James Simmons, from Ireland. The men are seen on board the 33-ft. Bermuda-rigged yacht, the *Squall*, in which they plan to sail to Singapore. They are seen at Newlyn, where they called to have their main mast, which was broken in a gale off Cornwall, repaired. The yacht originally left Belfast on its voyage in August

FERRYFIELD AIRPORT—AN AERIAL VIEW OF BRITAIN'S LATEST AERODROME: The airport was built at Lydd, in Kent, by Silver City Airways for their car ferry services, and has been in operation for some months. The runways, which can be seen to advantage in this picture, are arranged in the conventional "X" form and are hard-surfaced. The terminal buildings, which can also be seen contain Customs and Immigration offices, as well as the airline administrative offices. The increase in car traffic in this part of Kent, brought about by the use of the car-ferry services, has led to the building of several "motels," one of which is seen on left.

ONE OF THE NEW "MOTELS" NOW IN OPERATION NEAR FERRYFIELD AIRPORT: A view of the "motel" built at Newingreen, in Kent, which caters mainly for motorists using the car ferry. This building consists of four family suites, eight double suites and two single suites. There is also a restaurant which caters for over fifty people.

SNOW AND ICE COMES EARLY TO SCOTLAND—PART OF THE PERTH-BRAEMAR ROAD WHICH IS ICEBOUND: A car is seen carefully negotiating the bend known as Devil's Elbow. Snow even in September is not unusual, but it is usually confined to the hilltops. The bad weather in the lower areas, however, has set in very early.

CHRISTIAN DIOR IS BESIEGED BY THE PRESS: The famous Paris dress designer is seen hemmed in by reporters, mostly women, during a Press Conference given by the British Red Cross Society at their London Headquarters in Grosvenor Square. Dior is to present his Paris winter collection at Blenheim Palace, the home of the Duke of Marlborough, in November. The proceeds from this will be given to the Red Cross, and it is expected that Princess Margaret will attend.



THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP HAIRDRESSING COMPETITIONS AT BRIGHTON: A general view of one of the competitions in progress in the Royal Pavilion Estate at Brighton. The winners of the cup for ladies' hairdressing was the Austrian team, who thus beat the French team, which had previously won the cup for four years running. The French team, however, won the first men's hairdressing championship.

THE DIDES AFFAIR

The Remarkable Espionage Case in Paris in which it is Alleged that Senior Civil Servants Disclosed an Account of the Secret Proceedings of the National Defence Committee

Towards the end of last month it was announced that a Paris police inspector, Jean Dides, had been arrested in connection with allegations that the proceedings of the National Defence Committee had been revealed to the Communist Party. This was a startling revelation, for the meetings of the Committee, composed of the highest officials in the State and presided over by the President of the Republic, are so secret that no official minutes are even kept. At first it was assumed that the allegations originally emanating from Dides were connected with an old conflict within the Paris Police Force, or that Dides, who was a Gaullist, was the tool of politicians who were trying to embarrass the Government. But it soon transpired that some of the alleged breaches of trust occurred before the present Government was ever in office, and within a week two senior Civil Servants, whose work is connected with the National Defence Committee, were arrested. They confessed that it was to André Baranès, Dides's informant, that they had given secret information. When Baranès, who had gone into hiding, had eventually been found, he made conflicting confessions, out of which the one salient fact that emerged was that, for whatever motive, Baranès did have access to the secret information and had passed it on to more than one person. Whatever transpires in the end—and one of the Civil Servants retracted his confession after a week—the fact that vital State secrets have been bandied about remains indisputable, and has considerably affected public confidence in the French Government and its administration, besides giving rise to unfavourable comment abroad.

THE MAN WHO STARTED IT ALL : Jean Dides, a Paris police superintendent, who originally alleged that the Communists were in possession of secret defence information.

THE FIRST ARRESTS ARE MADE AFTER THE REVELATIONS OF M. DIDES : M. Roger-Labrusse, with his coat slung over his shoulders, and M. René Turpin, right, with his hands in his pockets, awaiting admission to the Military Tribunal in Paris, where they were charged with giving away secrets of the French National Defence Committee. The arrest of the two men, both of whom are senior Civil Servants, followed the revelations of leakages to the Communists.

MADAME TURPIN APPEARS BEFORE THE MILITARY TRIBUNAL : The wife of one of the arrested Civil Servants, René Turpin, who was assistant to the Secretary-General for National Defence.

A CIPHER CLERK DISMISSED : Madame Mitivier-Lasseron, who was cipher secretary at the French National Defence Council, is seen with her lawyer, M. Roger Blateau, after filing a complaint against the Government for unjustified dismissal after the leakages.

A LEFT-WING DEPUTY GIVES EVIDENCE : M. d'Astier de la Vigerie, who is also editor-in-chief of the pro-Communist newspaper, *Libération*, denied that he had been entrusted with any of the secrets of the French National Defence Committee.

THE COMMUNIST SECRETARY IS CALLED TO THE TRIBUNAL : M. Jacques Duclos, secretary and acting head of the French Communist Party, smiles broadly as he leaves the Military Tribunal in Paris.

On left—

THE KEY WITNESS : André Baranès made two conflicting confessions : one that he was a genuine Communist agent; the other that he was merely a police informer.

CHARGED WITH NEGLIGENCE : M. Jean François Mons, Permanent Secretary-General of the National Defence Committee, who has been charged with negligence in the matter, but who has not been detained whilst awaiting trial.

Haile Selassie in Malta

The Emperor of Ethiopia Spent Two Days on the Island Before Starting for his State Visit to Britain

HAILE SELASSIE IN MALTA: The Emperor of Ethiopia spent two days in Malta before leaving for his State visit to Britain. He is seen here standing and acknowledging the cheers of the crowds outside the Palace at Valetta. Sitting behind him, also in a white uniform, is his son, the Duke of Harar.

The Emperor of Ethiopia was accorded full honours when he arrived in Malta last week on the first stage of his State visit to Britain. Besides receiving various government officials, he was given an enthusiastic welcome by the population of the island. He sailed for Portsmouth in the cruiser *Gambia*, escorted by the destroyers *Constance* and *Charity*. As he left Valetta, the Mediterranean Fleet carried out an intricate and rarely performed exercise in his honour. This is called the "Gridiron," and involves two lines of ships passing between each other at only one cable-length apart. In Britain his programme was planned as a full State occasion. Haile Selassie hopes to spend part of his fortnight's visit at the house in which he stayed in Bath during his exile before the war.

PRESENTATION TO HAILE SELASSIE: Mr. John Cole, the Minister of Labour, bows to the Emperor during the presentation of officials of Malta. Behind, left to right, are Mrs. Borg-Olivier; Dr. Borg-Olivier, the Prime Minister; Mrs. Trafford Smith and the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Trafford Smith.

THE FLEET EXECUTES A RARE EXERCISE: The Fleet honoured the Emperor as he was sailing out of Malta by executing a "Gridiron." This rarely-executed manœuvre involves two lines of ships turning inwards at speed, and, as seen here, passing between each other at only one cable-length apart.

THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA LEAVES MALTA: His Majesty thanks the Prime Minister, Dr. Borg-Olivier, before boarding the launch for H.M.S. *Gambia* in Malta Harbour. As the *Gambia* left the island, the Mediterranean Fleet executed a demonstration exercise.

AN IMPERIAL SALUTE: Haile Selassie was setting out on his first visit to Britain since his exile there from 1936 to 1940. The British campaign of 1940-41 in Italian East Africa restored him.

WESTMORLAND MAINTAINS ITS FAIR TRADITION OF CENTURIES: A view of Brough Hill Fair, held between Appleby and Brough, just off the main road, on the last day of September and the first of October. On the left some of the horses which are to be sold are awaiting inspection, and in the foreground a boy is running a grey about for the benefit of a prospective purchaser. This year's Fair was blessed with fine weather, remarkable in a summer in which Westmorland enjoyed five days free of rain in 116.

WESTMORLAND'S FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FAIRGROUND

The Great North Country Fair at Brough Hill, which Dates Back to 1330, is Still Held Annually at the Beginning of Autumn

By SYDNEY MOORHOUSE

A visit to Brough Hill Fair is to-day almost a tradition among many North Country folk. For 600 years it has been held on the edge of the Pennine fells between Appleby and Brough, in Westmorland, on the last day of September and the first of October each year. It is a tradition that is maintained in spite of the fact that, as with all great horse fairs, recent years have seen a sad decline in the number of animals for sale; and on the opening day there was the congregation of coaches and cars from various parts of the North in the near-by car-park, which has become a post-war feature of the event.

It is not difficult to understand the appeal of Brough Hill. Many towns and villages throughout the

THE OLD-STYLE CARAVAN LIFE WITH WHICH THE FAIR IS TRADITIONALLY ASSOCIATED: This corner of Brough Hill Fair, with the horses assembled outside the picturesque old caravans, is in strong contrast to the car park of luxurious caravans of modern design and the high-powered motor-cars which are gradually stealing the limelight.

THE NEW OWNER WITH HIS PURCHASE: This piebald, which was bought at the Fair for £50, is being taken into the box after the sale before starting on the journey across the Scottish border to Castle Douglas. Brough Hill Fair is still an annual meeting-place for gipsies and dealers from all parts of the country and the most important sales are still of horses which have been specially groomed for the occasion.

WAITING FOR A BUYER: Piebalds, skewbalds, chestnuts—all are lined-up by a fence at the side of the Fair waiting for a prospective purchaser to take a fancy to one of them.

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR : The two little gipsy girls, all dressed-up in frills and flounces, are obviously enjoying the simple delights of Brough Hill Fair. Unlike fairs in many other parts of the country, that at Brough Hill is mainly a selling and buying market, and the fun fair is incidental.

A BARGAIN IS SEALED : The traditional method of hand-slapping is still used to seal the bargain between seller and purchaser. Palm meets palm with a resounding crack. A purchase is only made after prolonged bargaining and haggling.

On right—

NEW FORM OF TRANSPORT, NEW TYPE OF SALE : This handsome caravan is in keeping with the modern trend of luxurious transport to the country fairs. But whereas in old days a visitor to the Fair would sell his horses, the modern counterpart sells his caravan. This particular one changed hands for £2,500.

"RUNNING" THE HORSES FOR A PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER : A sturdy youth running with the horses at speed along the passage between the tents and the caravans at the Fair. There are yells from his colleagues, the crowd scatters and the horses are shown to their best advantage to the prospective buyer. This traditional method of selling takes the place of a sales ring or an auctioneer. If the customer is interested the long period of haggling begins between seller and buyer, which is as much a part of tradition as of natural business acumen.

country have their annual fairs, and these have mostly degenerated into affairs of roundabouts, swings, and all the modern mechanised entertainments that go along with them. Brough Hill Fair, however, eschews all attempts at modernisation, and still remains an affair of buying and selling.

It takes place on a windswept piece of common, straggling in switchback fashion on the edge of the moors and bounded on the north by the great trunk road that crosses the Pennine from the Eden by way of Stainmore Pass to the valley of the Tees.

Time was when that road was no more than a green track, an ancient way along which the drovers brought their herds of wild cattle and flocks of equally wild sheep from the moorish uplands of the Border Country and beyond to the markets of the south. And ever since 1330–31, when Edward III granted a charter to hold an annual fair in this remote spot, Brough Hill has been a meeting-place for gipsies, potters, and other nomadic folk of the roads. Old records tell of the time when thousands of black cattle and sheep were turned out on the grass verges to graze for some days before the Fair opened, making a long line that straggled for well over a mile along the road ; but these disappeared many years ago, leaving the horses alone to carry on the old tradition.

Even so, the dealers and Fair folk begin to arrive often a week ahead of Fair day, and as the different contingents reach the common the temporary gipsy town of tents and caravans grows. By noon of the second day, however, the exodus begins, and then the lonely roads leading across the hills have their contingents of horse-drawn vehicles and much swifter travelling caravan-trailers. Some return north to cross the Border into Scotland, more go south, and many travel east over Stainmore Pass itself on their way to Barnard Castle, where the next North Country Fair takes place.

Year after year the same families meet at Brough Hill, families whose gipsy blood, doubtless much diluted in some cases, indicates an ancestry in those who founded the custom centuries ago. Those with no horses to sell—and their number seems to increase as that of the horses gets smaller—still gather for a crack with their old friends and relatives, and congregate in stiff, almost statuesque, little groups round the smoking wood-fires or open braziers.

The old spirit of dealing, however, remains strong. The likelihood of a horse being sold causes the groups to break up and a general move in the direction of the sale.

Selling a horse at Brough Hill is a fascinating procedure in itself. There is nothing in the way of a sales ring and no one acting as auctioneer. A sturdy, bronzed youth will "run" the horse at top speed along the passage between the caravans and tents. His colleagues yell and shout and the crowd scatters. The prospective buyer stands by and watches. If he is impressed there is a prolonged period of haggling, and when finally a deal is done, the purchase is sealed by the traditional method of hand-slapping. This is a full-blooded affair. Palm meets palm with a resounding crack. One feels that a deal has been made and a deal is about to be honoured.

Gone, doubtless for ever, are the days when foreign armies never failed to have their representatives present, but nevertheless, business was being done this year and prices varied from £15 to £50. These figures, however, represent the net prices, for it is an old custom here to sell for £25 10s. or £26 10s.—and give the purchaser 10s. back for luck !

The superseding of the horse by the machine, however, has done much more than reduce the number of animals for sale. It has changed the dealers' own method of travelling. I counted less than one family in ten using the old-fashioned, meagre horse-drawn wagon ; the remainder had arrived in luxurious caravans pulled by modern high-powered cars. I was shown one of these luxury homes, whose many conveniences would have startled those who pitched their tents at Brough Hill only a few years back, and was told that the plate-glass windows alone were valued at £1,000 ! Yet the inherent love of dealing remained with its owner. Before the day was out, that caravan had changed hands for £2,500.

Like all events with an unbroken continuity lasting for many years, Brough Hill always attracts its stalwarts who rejoice in comparing present conditions with those they knew in their youth. "When I was a lad," one of these told me, "you 'd never dream of coming here without a length of good binder-cord in your pocket." This, I found, reflected the persuasive powers of the old-time vendors who could be relied on to get rid of their stock—even to those who an hour before had not the slightest intention of buying a horse. I began to wonder if that persuasive power, too, belonged to the past when a dealer showed me a batch of horses still unsold by late afternoon, then changed my mind when I listened to a diminutive youngster of no more than six or seven years of age trying to strike a bargain over a 4d. balloon with a much harassed salesman !

Even the weather has a part in the Brough Hill tradition. When Westmorland folk speak of "Brough Hill weather" they refer to the cold, wet and blustery sort which has so often characterised the event. This year, it seemed as though the old association was to be maintained, for the first day opened with the rain coming down and the surrounding fells draped in mist, but by noon the sun had won through, and by the time the visitors came along there was a blue sky flecked with white to remind us that the morning had only done its best to comply with the old beliefs. Yet such a cheery afternoon could not quite disperse the old stigma. The departure of the caravans is looked upon as announcing the arrival of winter to these wild parts, and, indeed, a local rhymster once composed a pauper's calendar which ended with the dismal prophecy : "Brough Hill—black bottle—cimmiterry !"

Yet, in spite of such somewhat gloomy thoughts and the fact that many dealers complained of lack of trade, I saw no signs of Brough Hill Fair lapsing into a mere nostalgic memory in the immediate years to come. It is too firmly fixed in the minds of both those who camp there and those who come as excursionists to allow such mundane things as weather and trade to extinguish its inner spirit.

THE HIGHEST R.A.F. STATION IS A RADIO BEACON FOR ALL AIRCRAFT FLYING OVER THE MIDDLE EAST: Two pictures of the new transmitter building of the R.A.F. "homer" station, 6,000 ft. up, near the top of Mount Troodos, in Cyprus. The station directs civil as well as military aircraft flying over the Middle East Command, from Malta to Karachi. *On the left* workmen are putting the finishing touches to the new transmitter building. *On the right* women are preparing the soil for the planting of trees around the station. The peak of Troodos is swept, in winter, by gales and snow. R.A.F. personnel wear Arctic kit to reach it.

FROM EUROPE AND AMERICA

PLACES, PEOPLE, AND HAPPENINGS OUT OF THE ORDINARY ON THE TWO CONTINENTS

If seven modern wonders of the world had to be chosen to compare with those of the ancient, the R.A.F. "homer" station on Mount Troodos, in Cyprus, would almost certainly be included in the list. On Troodos is the twentieth-century Pharos. It is the radio beam which directs any aircraft—civil as well as military—over the Middle East Command, which stretches from Malta to Karachi. New buildings are nearing completion for the R.A.F. personnel, who work in their "radio lighthouse" at over 6,000 ft. on the top of the mountain. In the winter their surroundings are often whipped by 80-mile-an-hour gales and covered with 6 ft. of snow. These members of the highest R.A.F. station in the world style themselves the "monks of Troodos." But their "monastic" life has its compensations. In winter there is ski-ing on calm days and in summer views over the whole of Cyprus

FREE WINE FOR ALL IN AN ITALIAN WINE FESTIVAL: Crowds of thirsty residents and visitors cram the square of the small Italian town of Marino on the occasion of the annual Festival of The Grapes. This is an occasion when wine is handed free to all-comers. It is dispensed from the giant bottles representing guns in the side of the galleon seen in the centre of this picture. The drinking receptacles are paper cups. This occasion for wine to flow like water is the commemoration of a centuries-past victory of the Christians over the Moors. The day's festivities ended with a firework display. Marino lies in Central Italy between Frascati and Castel-gandolfo, the Papal summer residence. In the Middle Ages it was part of the estates of the Orsini family. It has a fountain in memory of the battle of Lepanto. But most guide-books record that it is most notable for its wine festival held each year.

On left—

EXAMINING THE GIANT FLOTSAM: Dr. Sivertsen was careful to wear gloves as he carried out his examination of the corpse of the giant octopus. This marine animal would have used its giant tentacles for crawling or swimming. It has a powerful beak which is capable of inflicting a severe bite and the tentacles can be wrapped round a human being in a stranglehold. A much smaller specimen than this octopus was swept up on the beach near Trondheim in the summer of last year.

A GIANT OCTOPUS IS SWEPT ASHORE ON THE COAST OF NORWAY: Five small boys playing on the beach at Ranheim, near Trondheim, in Norway, saw a large white object, not unlike gigantic seaweed, drifting through the surf to the shore. They reported their observation to Dr. Erling Sivertsen, Director of the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Trondheim. He went to the beach and identified this object as the corpse of a giant octopus, probably the biggest and best-preserved of its species ever swept on to the shores of Scandinavia. Dr. Sivertsen is seen in this picture noting the measurements of the animal being made by his assistant. The body was nearly 7 ft. in length, and the two longest tentacles stretched 23 ft. 3 ins. Octopuses are cephalopod molluscs, with eight feet, or tentacles. Normally they confine themselves to temperate and tropical seas. The size of the creatures varies according to the species, from minute members to giants with tentacles 30 ft. long. According to Dr. Sivertsen, giant octopuses sometimes stray into northern oceans by following the Gulf Stream from the South Atlantic.

THE YOUNG MEN OF BALTIMORE AIR THEIR VIEWS ON RACIAL SEGREGATION : A chanting throng of schoolboys, many of them from the Southern High School, marching through the streets of Baltimore to protest against the High Court ruling which abolished racial discrimination in United States schools. In eight public schools in Baltimore there were disturbances by angry white pupils, many of whom refused to go to school if Negro children were also admitted. About 2,000 white teen-agers, boys and girls, paraded through the streets of Baltimore and attempted to force an entry into the City Hall to see the Mayor, who had announced that he would take steps to ensure school attendance. Six hundred police were called on to deal with the situation. These demonstrations had spread from Delaware to the neighbouring State of Maryland and the District of Columbia.

ON T EIR WAY TO SCHOOL IN BALTIMORE : Negro students going the Southern High School accompanied by a mother and a nister. A large number of police patrolled the school area.

THE PARENTS' VOTE : A little boy looks up inquiringly as his mother puts up her hand to cast a determined vote in favour of the continuation of racial segregation in schools at a meeting of 5,000 people in the town of Lincoln, Delaware.

THE PROTEST SPREADS TO THE CAPITAL : A detachment of police shepherding a yelling mob of Anacostia High School students away from the school buildings in Washington. It was at this school that the biggest and worst of the demonstrations in Washington in favour of continued racial segregation took place.

THE PARISIAN JUNK MAN COMES INTO HIS OWN ON THE BOULEVARD BEAUMARCHAIS : A stall on the side-walk where last week Paris's Old Iron Fair was held. Here there is a range wider even than that encountered at a department store. Tailor's dummies and "mannequins," a sewing-machine, tyres, even a cocktail bar, all are available at this remarkable stall. During the eight days of the Old Iron Fair the sidewalks of the Boulevard Beaumarchais were littered with a fantastic collection of junk and odds and ends. Most of the Parisian junk men put aside their finest pieces for this annual event. Housewives also clear out their attics, for on payment of a nominal fee they, too, are allowed to trade at the Fair. Buyers are equally enthusiastic, because somebody always finds just the thing he wants.

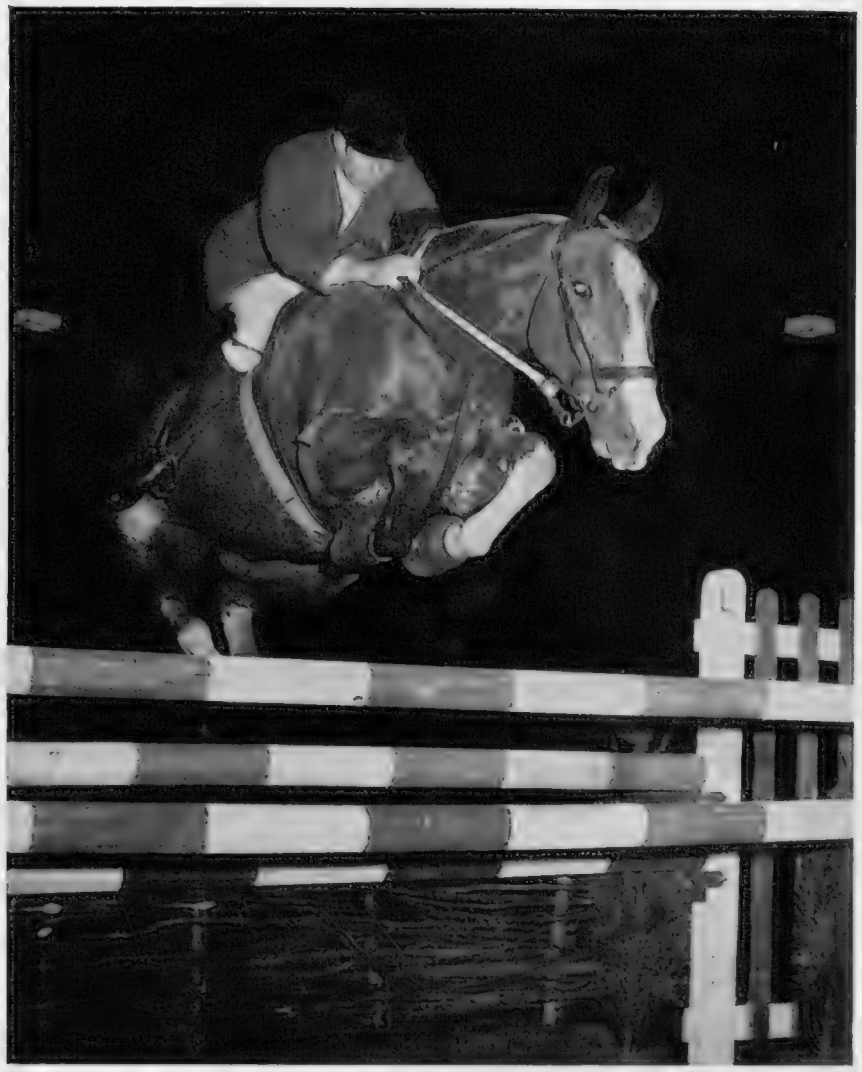
THE HUMAN CHESSBOARD OF MAROSTICA—A 400-YEAR-OLD CONTEST IS RE-ENACTED IN THE TOWN SQUARE : The beginning of a remarkable game of chess which was said to be the exact replica of a similar game played in the North Italian town in the sixteenth century. The story goes that two young noblemen, Rinaldo de Angarano and Vieri de Vallonara, both loved Lionora Parisio, the daughter of the Governor of Marostica. They decided to duel for her, but when the Governor heard of their intentions he forbade the duel to take place, for the Prince of near-by Verona, who was said to have been ruling at the time of Romeo and Juliet, had decreed that all duelling be banned. Instead, the Governor suggested a quiet game of chess on the town square, the winner of which was to gain the hand of his daughter. The heralds proclaimed the game, and the populace of the town flocked to the square to witness the remarkable contest. Angarano won, and a happy marriage ensued. The Governor then commanded that in 400 years' time the match should be replayed by the descendants of the participants. This is the match which took place recently. The principals, playing from a normal board, directed the movements of the live players, all dressed up in period costume. The moves—and the result—were identical with those of 400 years ago.

On right—

THE PRINCIPALS ARE BOWED OVER THE CHESS BOARD : Watched by the Governor, the two contestants fight all over again the medieval contest which is re-enacted as large as life on the town square before a huge crowd.

THE HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW AT HARRINGAY

SOME OF THE WINNERS AT THE FINALE OF THE JUMPING SEASON



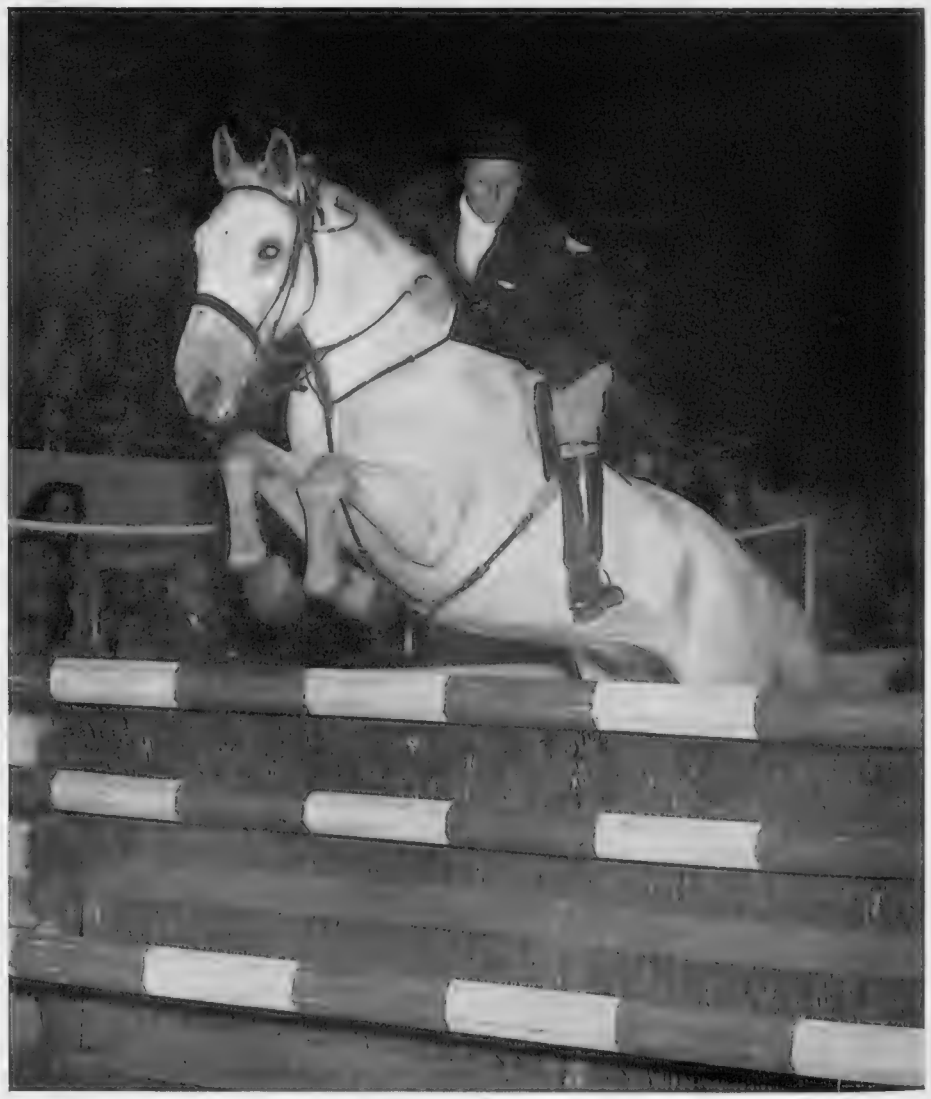
THE POPULAR WINNERS OF THE OVERTURE STAKES : Don Beard on Costa had only two faults throughout this event. This pair have, during the past year, played a great part in winning National Cups in both London and Dublin.

The Horse of the Year Show at Harringay this year was an enormous success and the large attendances fully justified the innovation tried this year of holding an extra evening session. Miss Pat Smythe once again proved herself to be Britain's leading horsewoman, winning two of the main events and also the British Show Jumping Association Spurs for gaining the greatest number of points during the Show. On Prince Hal she won the Victor Ludorum International Championship for the *Sunday Graphic* Cup, which brought the jumping to a close. Earlier, she had won the Diana Stakes for lady riders. The title of Leading Juvenile Jumper of the Year was once again won by Tony Makin, of Knottingley, Yorkshire, who this year shared the honour with Miss Mary Barnes, of Bentworth, in Hampshire.

MISS PAT SMYTHE IS THE WINNER OF THE B.S.J.A. SPURS : Mrs. Aubrey Jones, the wife of the Conservative Member of Parliament for the Hall Green Division of Birmingham, is seen presenting the trophy to Pat Smythe. This trophy, together with a bridle, which is retained by the winner, is presented annually by the British Iron and Steel Federation to the rider who has gained most points during the Horse of the Year Show.

On left—
A FINE COMBINATION : Pat Smythe and Tosca during the Overture Stakes. In this they came third.

MISS F. STANBURY ON DREAM BOAT : This pair won the Foxhunter championship for C. Grade horses—one of the most important of all the show jumping competitions. Second was Miss E. Anderson on Sunsalve.

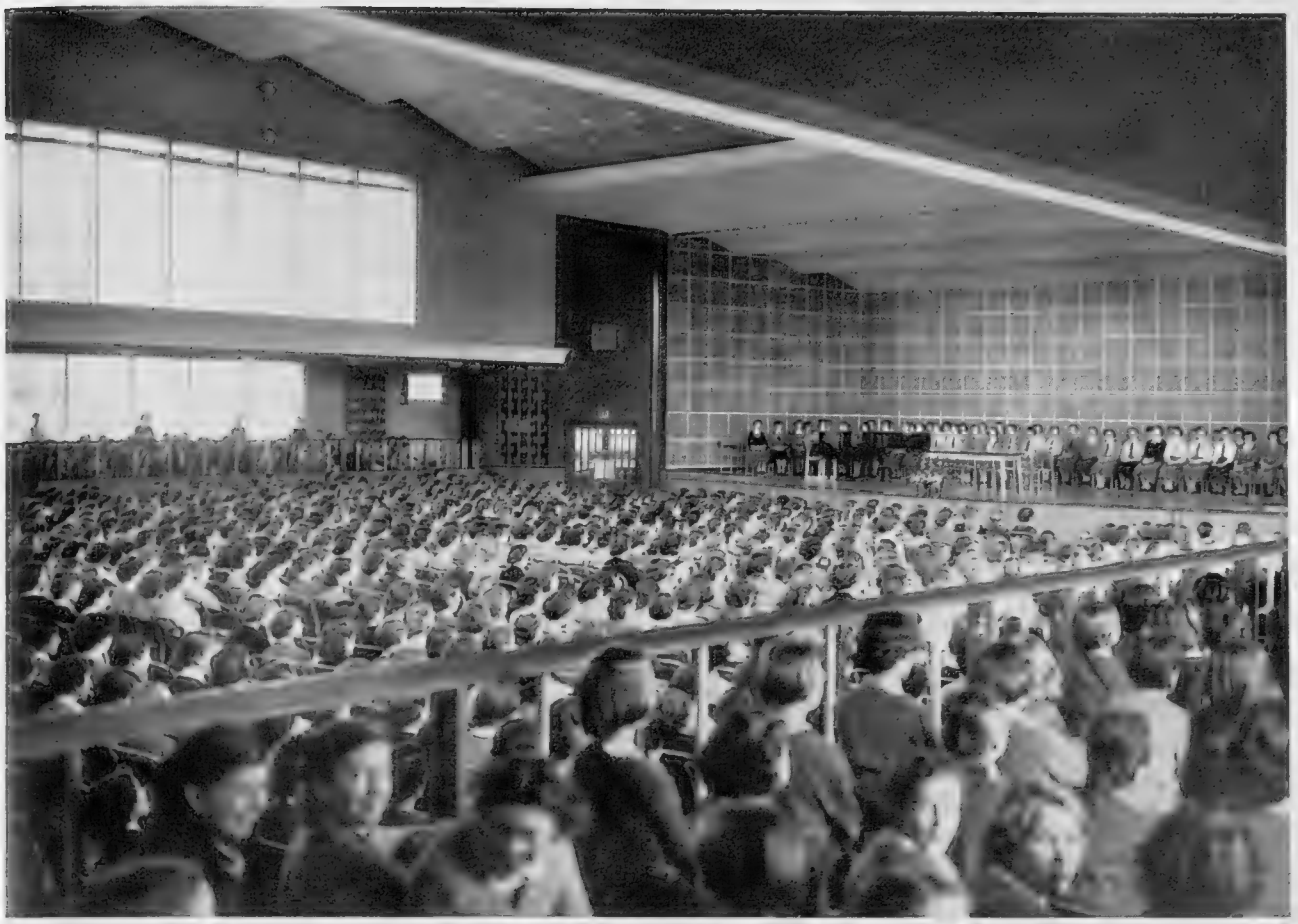


CLEARING THE LAST JUMP TO VICTORY : Mrs. A. C. Leggatt is seen riding her horse Danny Boy III to victory in the Lonsdale Memorial Stakes at the Horse of the Year Show at Harringay. The trophy for this event was presented by the Duke of Beaufort.

England's Modern Schools

Two New Schools in the London Area which were Opened for the First Time this Term

Although there has been, and at times still is, a great deal of controversy over comprehensive schools, all must be agreed that the new building at Kidbrooke is all that it should be as far as architecture and amenities are concerned. Despite the great size of the school—it covers nearly 10 acres of land—it has none of the forbidding aspect that belonged to so many of the schools built at the beginning of this century. The class-rooms are in three self-contained blocks, each with three floors, and the space between the floors is packed with glass wool to deaden noise. Every room has been specially designed to fit the purpose for which it is used. Thus special attention has been paid to the lighting of the art room which is placed on the top floor and has circular sky lights as well as the usual windows. The architects who designed Kidbrooke for the London County Council were Messrs. Slater, Uren and Pike, and the building work was carried out by Messrs. Gee, Walker and Slater, Limited



MORNING ASSEMBLY AT LONDON'S FIRST COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL : This is a view of the main hall at the Kidbrooke Comprehensive School for Girls, which opened for the first time last month. This assembly hall which, like the rest of the school, is of the most pleasing design, seats about 1,400. It is near the main entrance.

EAK TIME AT KIDBROOKE : The girls are seen making the most of the spacious grass-covered playground of their new school. There are at present about 1,700 pupils at the school, but this will gradually increase to the maximum of 2,000.

THE SPACIOUS ENTRANCE HALL : Throughout the school the accent of the design has been on light and space. The school stands on a site of about 10 acres of gently-sloping ground in South-East London, and there is an additional 16½ acres of playing fields placed to the west of the school. These include eight hockey pitches and eight hard tennis courts.

On right—

A MODERN PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN—BISHOP'S BRIDGE ROAD SCHOOL IN PADDINGTON WHICH OPENED THIS TERM : This school, which must be the most modern-looking primary school ever built, has room for 700 children with ages ranging from five to eleven. It is expected that its design will have far-reaching effects not only on future schools in this country, but in other countries also. Architects from such design-conscious countries as America, Germany and Switzerland have visited the school and have expressed their approval. Bishop's Bridge Road School was built for the London County Council in eighteen months at a cost of about £120,000. The design is the joint work of Mr. Lindsey Drake and Mr. Denys Lasdun, who have achieved their ambition to build a school for children in which the latter's needs and interests were the most important factor. The school has no long, forbidding, institution-like corridors of the older type; instead, the class-rooms are connected by short, well-lit passage-ways. The class-rooms for the five- to eleven-year-olds have five sides to allow for greater variety of activities. A special feature of this new school is the way the junior and infant departments are related. The junior school is a two-storied crescent-shaped building of concrete and glass, while the infant school, consisting of one-storied class-rooms, is in a sunken garden in front of this. The junior classes are reached by a covered walk.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

LORD MELBOURNE IN MIDDLE AGE

An Important Study by Lord David Cecil; an Autobiographical Episode by Viscount Templewood; a Trio of Adventure Stories; Ten Short Stories by C. S. Forester

IT is a long time since I have read a book with so much pleasure and enjoyment as I have LORD M, by Lord David Cecil (Constable. 21s.). Here is an author who can carry his erudition lightly and within the bounds of exquisite taste, and who also possesses a clear and pleasant style. An example of this is the masterly synopsis of his first volume, *The Young Melbourne*, which is a prelude to this book.

Here we have Melbourne, already well into middle-age, having passed through the storms and stresses of his marriage to Caroline, and already engaged in an association with Mrs. Norton, turning more positively to politics and becoming the gravitational centre of the Whig Party, with all its assorted collection of eighteenth-century Bourbons and earnest nineteenth-century reformers. Viewed from this distance and without the imposition of contemporary political or social prejudices, or even of the hard-and-fast judgments of historians, past and present, Melbourne is an attractive figure. What inconsistencies might be observed in his character and in his actions, Lord David Cecil attributes to the duality of Melbourne's nature. The statesman could be urbane, cynical, apparently indolent and willing to sacrifice almost anything to political expedience, but the man himself was warm, passionate, affectionate and totally devoid of that kind of ambition which is the besetting sin of politicians. No wonder the young Queen Victoria adored him. He was also a wit and some of his best sayings have passed into the language. "I don't know why there is all this fuss about education," he once remarked to Queen Victoria. "None of the Paget family can read or write and they do very well."

That this biography skims over certain bugbears beloved by nineteenth-century historians is, in my opinion, not a point to be made in criticism. It is the type of biography made popular by the late Lytton Strachey and is none the worse, and all the better, for that. It is wise, absorbing, learned and well-written, and I do not think one should ask much more than that of any book.

A legislator of our own days, Viscount Templewood is still better known to us as Sir Samuel Hoare and, in NINE TROUBLED YEARS (Collins. 25s.), he has written what amounts to a political autobiography of the period between 1931 and 1940, from the time of his appointment as Secretary of State for India, to his posting to Madrid, as Ambassador to Spain. In these years came the landmarks of Munich, of the abdication, and of the Hoare-Laval Pact, amongst others, and that last was to prove the most significant as it has been the most criticised point in Lord Templewood's career.

One may read this book simply as a brilliant *résumé* of political and international events as given by a statesman who was concerned in them, and as such it is informative, lucid and more or less satisfying according to one's own political views. But one can read it, too, as a revelation partly of the writer's nature, and partly of the characters and moods of the men with whom he worked in those decisive years

A FLIER'S WORLD (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is a wonderful book, and I say that with all the more confidence for not being particularly air-minded. Mr. Wolfgang Langewiesche is an American citizen who has been a sailor, a cow-puncher and an instructor at Sarah Lawrence College, and who is also a research pilot and a test pilot. He is also a natural writer who can explain a subject so that it is not only understandable, but so that the reader wants to know more and more about it. His book has been written, he says, "to convey to those who do not fly something of the strange, topsy-turvy, illogical and wholly satisfying world of the pilot . . . an attempt to make you feel what a pilot feels in the air, to understand flying with your body and not with your mind alone." It is an attempt that has succeeded.

The next three books have one theme in common: the spirit of adventure. This is an impulse, or a mood, or a state of mind, or an inclination of character that may urge a man in a thousand different directions, but when it is present it is unmistakable. Sir Michael Bruce, for instance, eleventh baronet of Stenhouse and Airth, and a man who has fought in a revolution as well as two wars, sailed round the Horn in a windjammer, walked over the Andes, and survived a stampede of wild cattle and an Amazon gold-hunt. He writes about these exploits in TRAMP ROYAL (Elek. 16s.), and about driving a tram in the General Strike, being a film extra in *Madame Pompadour*, and running a society gossip column, and helping to rescue Jews in Germany. There are no literary pretensions about Sir Michael's style, but instead a rather pleasant, slightly old-fashioned bluffness, and the impression of a man whose capacity for friendship is as great as his hankering for the adventurous life.

Mr. Lawrence Earl writes of a South African hunter whose quarry was the man-eating crocodile, and whose expeditions were organised, not as a leisurely sportsman's safari, but as a practical piece of business, for the skins he managed to get would sell at good prices. CROCODILE FEVER (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is exciting stuff, if only for its descriptions of the hunter's methods, for he found that the crocodiles were most effectively caught or killed at night, and so would charge off in a small boat through waters infested by crocodiles and unpredictable hippos, on the blackest of nights. The book is written in an uneasy mixture of imagination and fact, but where it confines itself to this remarkable man's exploits it is both thrilling and impressive.

The little yawl *Nova Espero* is well known as the craft which twice crossed the Atlantic, first sailed by the intrepid Smith brothers, and secondly by Stanley Smith and Charles Violet. In SOLITARY JOURNEY (Adlard Coles. 15s.) Charles Violet tells how he set out alone to sail the *Nova Espero* on a third journey, through the French canals into the Mediterranean to the Ionian Sea and back. He describes his many adventures, not the least terrifying of which was to be struck by blindness off Sardinia (a terrible experience while alone in a small boat), in laconic and self-effacing language.

Mr. C. S. Forester, in the ten short stories that comprise THE NIGHTMARE (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), has written of crimes committed and horrors that happened not ten years ago, under the Nazi regime in Germany. "Not one of these stories tells of an actual happening," as he explains, "but all of them except the last" (a fanciful little tale with an old, broken Hitler as *The Wandering Gentile*) "could easily have happened," and goes on to remind the reader that "less than ten years ago people were dying by the hundred thousand at the word of one man, and that man not quite sane." It might be said, therefore, that, in the gravest sense, these are cautionary tales, tragic, bitter and horrible in their themes and brilliant in their execution.

MISTINGUETT CONGRATULATES CHEVALIER: A kiss for the veteran music-hall star after his return to the Paris stage with a one-man performance; it marked his fiftieth year in show business. In her autobiography, entitled *Mistinguett* (Elek. 21s.), "Mis" of the fabulous legs records her association with Chevalier over a long period, and presents a colourful picture of the Paris stage from the day in the '90's when she first appeared at the Casino de Paris. She tells the story of her life from humble beginnings, through the days when her audience included kings, to post-war life on the Riviera. The translation of the book, with its very apt sub-title *Queen of the Paris Night*, is by Lucienne Hill

Miss Doris Lessing has written another of her magnificently broad and intuitive novels about the girl whose story she began in *Martha Quest*, and who, in A PROPER MARRIAGE (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), is seen in the first stages of her unsatisfactory married life and motherhood. The setting is again the South African town with its firmly defined society, its younger and wilder set, and its embryo Communist discussion groups. Miss Lessing has a fine satiric sense, although she uses it with a less delicate touch in the present novel, and a perception that never seems to fail her in writing of women and girls.

For over sixty years men have been searching for a gold-mine that is known to exist somewhere in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona, and for as long their efforts have been not only unsuccessful but usually doomed to end in tragedy. Mr. Sims Ely tells this extraordinary story in THE LOST DUTCHMAN MINE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.), or rather, tells it as far as it goes, for he has been collecting the evidence about the mine and its seekers for fifty years, and he believes that the day is bound to come when it is re-discovered—perhaps by one of the readers of his book

This week there are two new books recalling outstanding episodes during the Second World War. **THE DESERT RATS** (Hutchinson. 21s.), *by Major-General G. L. Verney, is the history of the 7th Armoured Division from* 1938 *to* 1945; *and* **SEA FLIGHT** (Kimber. 15s.), *by Hugh Popham, is a Fleet Air Arm pilot's story from* 1940.

For those seeking detailed instructions for the making of all classic Italian dishes, and also recipes of meals served in Italian homes, Elizabeth David's new book, **ITALIAN FOOD** (Macdonald. 16s.), *makes a welcome appearance. The drawings are by Renato Guttuso.*

Finally, there is **KATHLEEN FERRIER: A MEMOIR** (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.), *edited by Neville Cardus. All proceeds from the sale of the book will be devoted to the Kathleen Ferrier Memorial Scholarships.*

NANGA PARBAT CONQUERED

The Solo Triumph of Herman Buhl

Mountaineering seems to evoke in men some of the finest qualities (and occasionally in its aftermath some of the worst) and the conquest of great peaks seems to produce some notably fine literature. Colonel Hunt's story of Everest provides a case in point, and now, no less eloquently, Karl Herrligkoffer has written NANGA PARBAT (Elek. 21s.), a history of that formidable mountain, the westernmost bastion of the Himalaya that lies nearly 1,000 miles from Everest. It is 26,620 ft. high, and rises sheer 23,000 ft. above the valley of the Indus. The author, who organised the conquest of Nanga Parbat in 1953, is a step-brother of Willy Merkl, the well-loved leader of the American-German Expedition of 1932 and of the all-German expedition of 1934, on which he met his death by exposure in a blizzard. He describes the assaults upon the mountain from the August day in 1895, when Mummery disappeared without trace on Diamir Glacier, to July 3, 1953, one month after the British ascent of Everest, when Herman Buhl, a clear blue sky overhead, planted the West German and Pakistan flags on Nanga Parbat's summit, having completed a magnificent solo effort without oxygen, tent or food, and involving a night spent standing upon a rock at a temperature of 10 to 15 degs. below zero Centigrade. Buhl's account of the solo climb is a remarkable narrative, and the last moments of his ordeal when, on his return, he plunged into the arms of fellow-climbers, are most movingly described. "Yesterday was the finest day of my life," were Buhl's words as he staggered and swayed down the final few feet of the ridge that brought him to safety. On return to civilisation the expedition became involved in a most unedifying dispute, much akin to the wrangle which momentarily clouded the great Everest adventure. Dr. Herrligkoffer prefers to draw a veil over this aspect of the Nanga Parbat expedition, and he does well to do so, for it must not be allowed to detract from a noble achievement.

The age of discovery did not by any means begin with Columbus. For thousands of years before that renowned Atlantic adventure, merchants, conquerors and colonisers were probing their way across land and sea routes in Europe, Asia and the New World. In CONQUEST BY MAN (Hamish Hamilton. 30s.) Paul Herrmann has written a wonderful saga of early exploration and discovery. The great nations of travellers, Carthaginians and Greeks, Vikings and Arabs are the principal heroes of the story Among the subjects dealt with are the Javanese mass migration to Madagascar, the penetration of the Vikings into the far interior of America, and Chinese junk-building, 600 years ago, when craft were constructed to accommodate 1,200 people, including first-class cabins, lavatories and other conveniences. Mr. Herrmann wears his erudition lightly, and his encyclopædic book, which has already enjoyed a big success in Germany and France, seems to be sure of a hearty welcome in this adventure-loving land.

"The root of the evil for white and black in Africa is the colour bar. It is a cancer that eats into the white's own moral standards, for in their hearts they know that it cannot be defended. Its existence turns African intellectuals, as well as ordinary coloured folk, into rebels against the whole established order." With these simple words Alexander Campbell gets to the heart of his subject in his forthright survey THE HEART OF AFRICA (Longmans. 21s.). Here is a continent where something dramatic is constantly happening, and Mr. Campbell seems to have been at nearly all the recent crisis points, and, more or less, at the moment of crisis. He presents most vividly the problems which are caused by the imposition of a twentieth-century way of life on a primitive background.

In DESERT ADVENTURE (G. Bell. 15s.) Brian Stuart gives an account of the dangers and humours of travel in the Sahara and Syria. Major Stuart went to the Sahara to fetch back a vicar's son from the Foreign Legion. Failing in this laudable endeavour, he decided to traverse the desert on foot, and with an Arab and three camels he made his way to Timbuktu. No swift journey this, but the style in describing it is racy and the humour rich and rare.

Raymond Francis invites us to join him in a journey of personal discovery in his latest volume, LOOKING FOR ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND (Macdonald. 18s.). The book does not pretend to be a comprehensive topographical or historical survey, but rather an introduction to an immense subject, to set the reader looking for himself. Devon, the Cotswolds and the Shakespeare country have proved particularly happy hunting-grounds for questing Mr. Francis.

For a most elegant and worthwhile production Cassells deserve special praise with their new illustrated book LIVING ANIMALS. This is a beautiful quarto volume of animal drawings in colour and black and white, and has been made primarily for the delight and instruction of children, but it does not seem possible to set an age limit to its appeal. It is written and illustrated by Hilary Stebbing, printed in offset lithography, and the price is 30s.

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OUT INTO THE SNOW

In this, the First of Two Articles on Winter Sports, are Some Suggestions for Holidays in Norway, Germany and Austria

By GORDON COOPER

THE other day when I was in Oslo, I visited the Ski Museum at Holmenkollen and saw there the oldest ski extant, the Overbo ski, found in a bog and known to be close on 2,500 years old. The Norwegians can, therefore, justly claim this mode of transportation to be their invention, although, as a sport, ski-ing is of comparatively recent growth. Even in Norway it did not assume this aspect until about 1860, and it was not until many years later that it was introduced from that country into Switzerland, one of the first to show its possibilities being the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Competition between the winter sports resorts of various European countries is extremely keen to-day, for, apart from any other incentive, it is an added method of bringing in foreign currency. Sometimes it strikes me, indeed, that the strenuous exertions to provide bigger and better ski ing facilities resemble the eager competition between communities in the Middle Ages to secure the relics of saints, for it was these skulls and bones which acted as a lure to prospective pilgrims, the tourists of those days.

Apart from any other inducement, a quite important reason for choosing Norway for your winter sports holiday lies in the fact that you do not have to dip into your currency allowance. You can, in fact, spend practically as much money as you like there, and still be able to use your allowance in one of the currency-restricted countries.

The two Norwegian resorts I would recommend for winter sports are Geilo and Lillehammer. In both places there is a variety of hotels from which to choose, and both are well-equipped with ski-lifts and ski schools, and competitions are regularly arranged. The ski-ing season extends from Christmas to early April, but as in January the hours of possible sunshine are limited to only six hours a day, it is better to consider the following months, for February is much more solar, with from seven to ten hours of daily sunshine, rising to twelve to fifteen hours in April.

Many seem to believe that Norwegian skiers prefer long-distance racing, ski-jumping and cross-country touring, and certainly there is no other country which offers better opportunities in this respect. But slalom and down-hill racing can be had at every winter resort in Norway. The famous Olympic slalom run at Norefjell, near Oslo, for instance, starts from the mountain-top at 3,295 ft. and covers a distance of 11,350 ft. down to the lake at 605 ft. Incidentally, at certain centres where there are no ski-lifts as yet, there are belt-tracked "weasels" which convey skiers up the mountain slopes.

I think it only fair to readers to point out three possible "snags" about a Norwegian holiday. They are (*a*) the fact that unless you travel there by air you must proceed first to Newcastle to get the steamer, either to Oslo or Bergen; (*b*) in winter, the trip across the North Sea can be rough; and (*c*) the Norwegian liquor laws are the oddest and sternest in Europe, including a prohibition of the sale of spirits in country hotels. (You may, fortunately, import your own requirements, within reason, which can be purchased duty-free on boat or plane.) One delightful oddity, too, is that part of the proceeds from the terrific taxation on alcoholic beverages is devoted by the Government to furthering the cause of temperance!

Perhaps the major appeal of a Norwegian winter sports holiday is to youth, who have their own natural gay spirits. They are certainly well catered for, with various travel bargains organised by the two shipping lines (Bergen Line and Fred Olsen Line), and available through any travel agent. To give just one example: there is a fourteen-day tour (nine days at the resort) to Oslo (Holmenkollen), where accommodation is provided either in an hotel or youth hostel, the all-in cost, including the sea-trip (2nd class), with meals, being from £20 2s. up. As the normal return fare by ship between Newcastle and Oslo is £20, the saving on this kind of organised holiday is obvious.

GERMANY.—The Germans, especially the younger generation, are very ski-minded, and during the months of snow flock each week-end to their hundreds of winter sports resorts. Last year I happened to be at Schliersee, in the Bavarian Alps, one Sunday, and saw the ski-ing slopes almost black with the thousands of enthusiasts, out on a day's excursion from Munich.

The Bavarian Alps are by far the most popular area for winter sports. From Berchtesgaden, at the eastern end of the chain, to Oberstdorf in the west, there are at least a dozen internationally known names. The most famous centre of all is undoubtedly Garmisch-Partenkirchen. With its vast variety of amenities, this particular resort provides a very full programme for visitors, and a two-week stay hardly seems long enough to enjoy all the entertainments and sports which are provided. Wonderful ski-ing is facilitated by various lifts, there is the large skating rink with an area of 40,000 sq. ft., built for the pre-war Olympic Games, where now international ice hockey tournaments, figure-skating competitions and ice revues are held; another excellent installation at Garmisch is the long bobsleigh run at the Riesser Lake.

THE SKI-JUMP AT GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN, NEAR THE AUSTRO-GERMAN BORDER: The town is famed for its ski-jump, an enormous ice-rink and some of the finest ski-ing grounds on the Continent. Garmisch and Partenkirchen, once two separate towns, have merged with common interests into a winter-sports ground to answer the requirements of anyone who must "go to the snow" each year.

Those who wish to go right up to the highest altitudes should make their headquarters in the Schneeferner Hotel on the Zugspitze. There one is some 8,500 ft. nearer the sun than in the lowlands. Lower down, and also in the neighbourhood of Garmisch-Partenkirchen, are the quieter resorts of Mittenwald and Oberammergau. An important factor in the attraction of these three centres is that they lie on, or near, the main railway line between Innsbrück and Munich, the former town being particularly well served by chartered air and train services from Britain. This means considerable economy in the cost of a holiday. Germania Limited (41, Sackville Street, London, W.1), for example, offer sixteen-day inclusive holidays at these three resorts from 26 guineas.

It does not cost much more, however, to visit the other resorts, Berchtesgaden and Oberstdorf having for me an especial appeal. Scenically, Berchtesgaden is surely the most dramatic of all the districts comprising the Bavarian Alps, and here you find (outside the Zugspitze) the highest ski-ing peaks in Germany. The Hohe Goell, for instance, permits glissades through the Alpe Valley of 6,000 ft. difference in height between start and finish, and the one from the Hochkalter across a blue-ice glacier is not much less. Then, Oberstdorf has its dominating mountain, the Nebelhorn, from whose summit, reached by funicular and chair-lift, there is a marvellous descent. Perhaps I have a special liking for this resort, for it was where my own first steps in the art of ski-ing were taken.

Two other good areas in Germany for winter sports are the Black Forest and the Harz Mountains. It was in the former district that a German doctor, about the turn of the nineteenth century, who had been to Norway, was locked up with suspicion as to his mental capacity when he first attempted to "slide over the snow on curved boards." That was the birth of ski-ing in Germany. To-day, the Black Forest is the country's second largest winter sports region. The pivot of important sporting events is the 5,000-ft. Feldberg, around which is wreathed several beautiful resorts, among them being Titisee, with the lake of the same name—a superb ice-rink three-quarters-of-a-mile wide—Hinterzarten, Todtnau and Neustadt. Important also for winter sports are the mountain slopes around the 3,700-ft. Schauinsland ("Look over the Land"), easily reached from the fascinating university city, Freiburg, in a suspension car. Further north, there are Triberg, centrally situated in the Black Forest, and Freudenstadt, reputed to be the sunniest centre in Germany, and specially recommended for ski-touring through beautiful pine forests and over miles of easy rolling slopes.

The Harz, the most northerly range of German mountains, has, since the war, become a popular holiday area for members of the British occupation forces in Germany. Braunlage is a very attractive centre, especially for those who like a full and varied calendar of events, including skating by floodlight, ski-jumping, paper chases on skis, sleigh rides, etc. Yet, personally, I prefer the delightful atmosphere of local inns, such as those in Torfhaus and Königskrug.

AUSTRIA.—Across the German frontier, in Austria, there is so wide a choice of resorts favoured by Britons that it is difficult to be selective. All the main centres are engaged in erecting more and better ski-lifts, including those of the gondola type. These gondolas, each one carrying four persons and their skis, operate on the same continuous principle as the chair-lift. They provide greater carrying capacity per hour, but I miss the feeling of peaceful loneliness which I get when travelling up a mountain on my own.

All winter sports resorts—and not only in Austria—naturally blow their own trumpets about the good things they have to offer, especially in the way of ski-ing facilities. Sometimes, it seems to me, it is even more important to know their defects, which if you can't discover them for yourself, then you will almost surely get this kind of information from a competitive resort. I suppose this is just an aspect of human nature.

In the case of Austria, the intending visitor can obtain valuable practical advice from the Austrian Alpine Club, whose London headquarters are at 143, New Bond Street, London, W.1. The annual subscription is modest, and there are several concessions which far more recoup its cost. This season, for instance, the club offers what might justifiably be termed the ski-ing bargain of the year. For the modest price of 14½ guineas you can travel from London to Innsbruck and back by the "Snow-Sports Special Train," which has over 200 sleeping berths. In Austria you have the choice of 500 club chalets at which to stay, either for seven nights in bedrooms, or for fourteen nights in dormitory accommodation. Meals are charged extra, and they can be obtained at reasonable prices.

But, of course, you may prefer to stay at more fashionable resorts, such as Badgastein, Kitzbühel, Seefeld, St. Anton or Zuers, all of which hardly require further commendation here. In all of them there is every kind of facility for ski-ing and plenty in the way of organised entertainments. The Austrian State Tourist Department (49, Dover Street, London, W.1) can supply you with further information.

Finally, do not forget that the basic travel allowance for the year beginning November 1 will be increased to £100.

IN THE AUSTRIAN ALPS ABOVE KITZBÜHEL: Every year slopes such as these call away from their own countries winter sportsmen in search of ideal ski-ing conditions.

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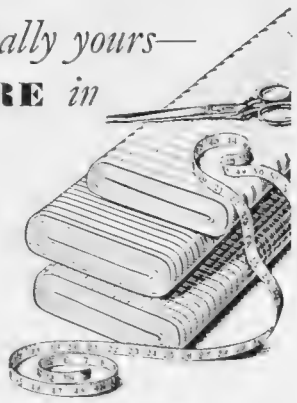

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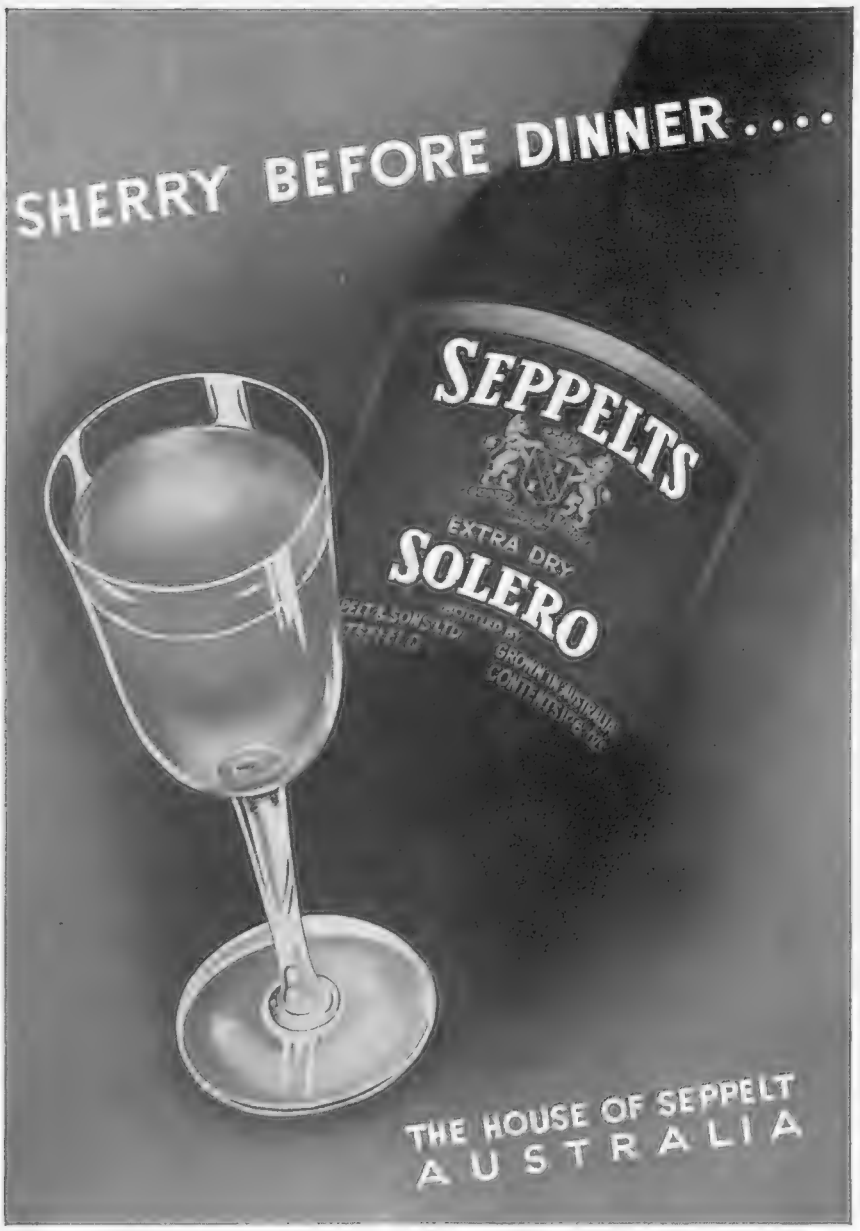

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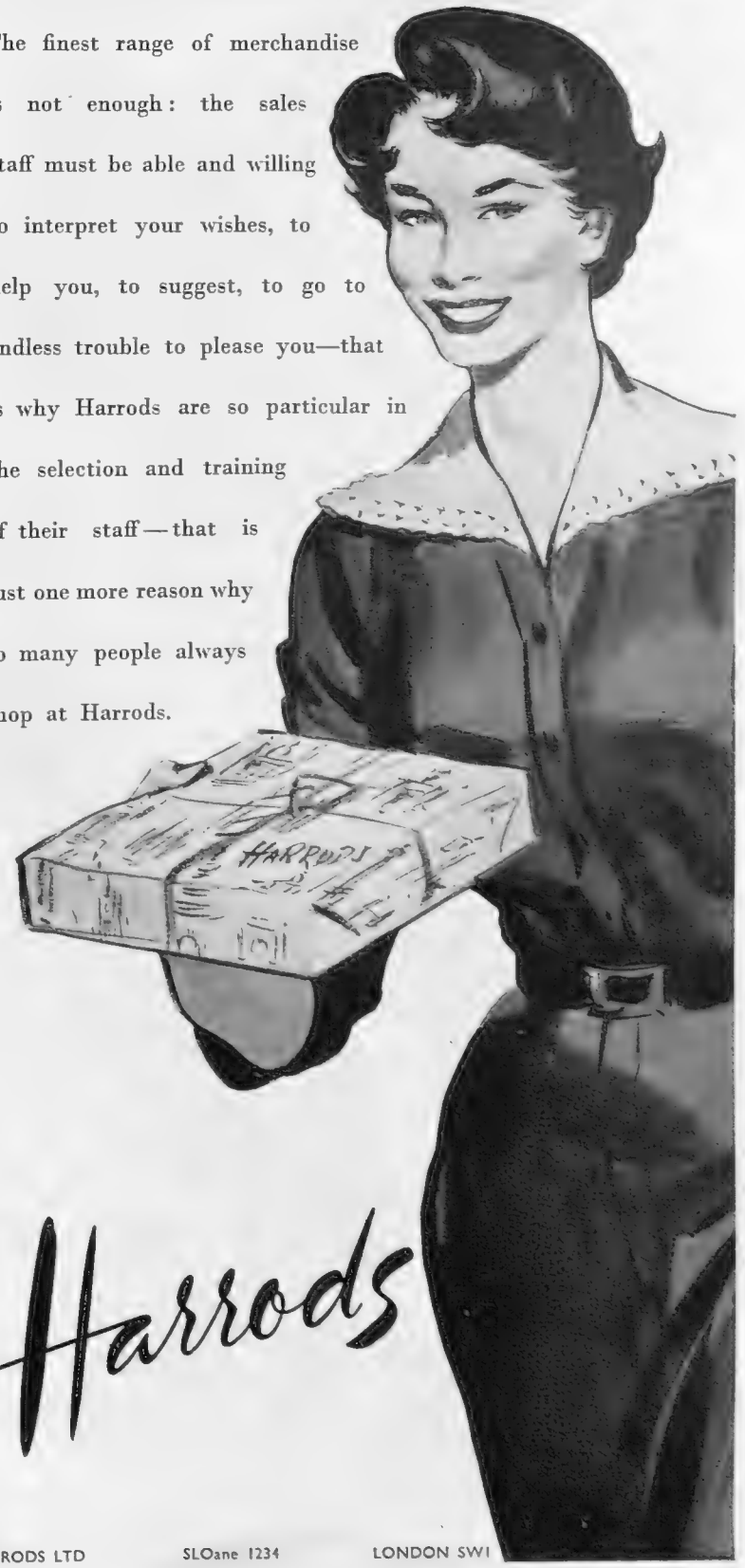

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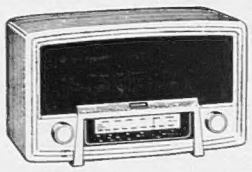

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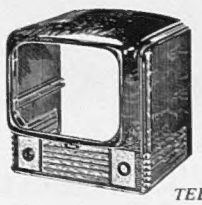

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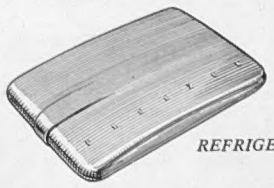

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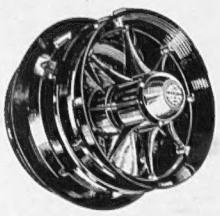

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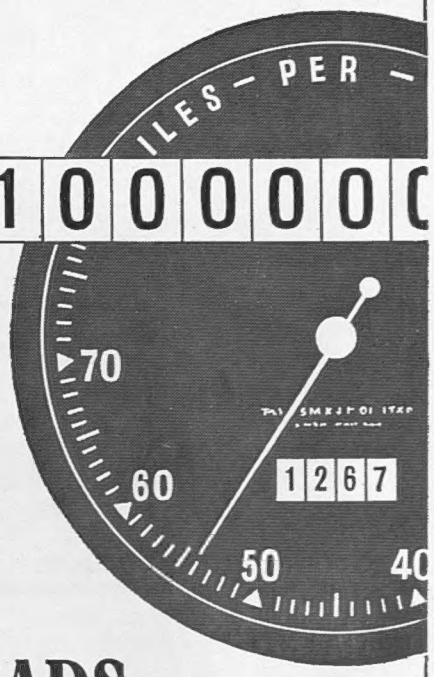

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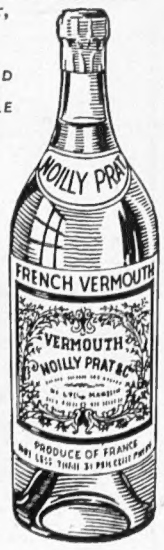

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BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

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In much the same way, at this time of the year a large number of people are hunting for comfortable quarters for winter residence . . . and in reverse I know of a number of hoteliers who would be glad to have them at very reduced rates, so I would be happy to be the intermediary in bringing them together. In this brief space I can but touch on the subject, but the following, in my view, are "winter bargains" which I feel will soon be snapped up.

The Carlton Hotel, Torquay, have tackled this matter of winter residence for the last two seasons in a big way, and this coming winter they renew their offer. Briefly it is this—two days' free stay (meals only chargeable) while you decide whether £35 per month is good value for sea-view rooms, all meals, early-morning tea, television, transport to and from station and gratuities, for the period between autumn and spring. The Carlton management are, as a result of their enterprise, building up an increasing winter trade each year.

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Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195 - 198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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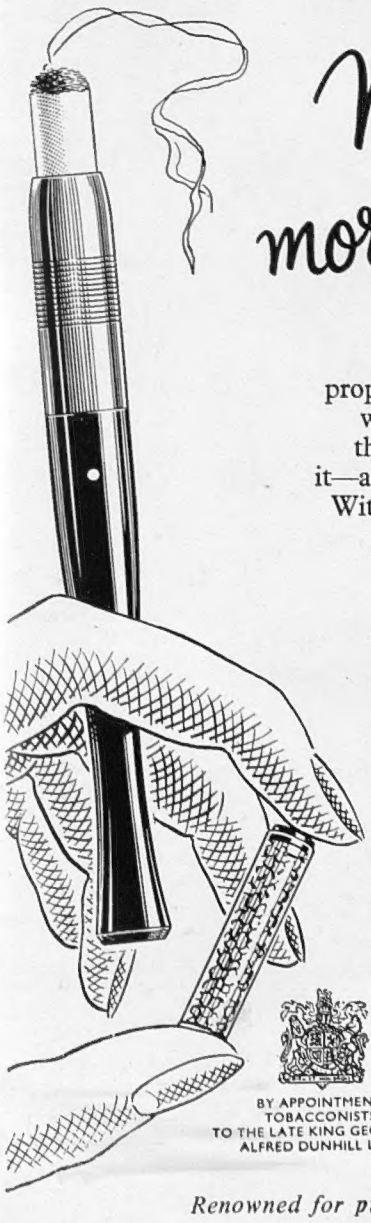

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PERFECT—plain (with water) or pink; or with tonic, vermouth, cordials, etc.

Bottle **33/9** · Half Bottle **17/7** · Qtr. Bottle **9/2** · Miniature **3/7** U.K. only

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